

*The Elements
of Elocution*

C. E. Clegg

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THE
ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION,

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE

LITERARY BASIS OF DELIVERY,

INCLUDING

*SELECTIONS IN POETRY AND PROSE FOR
READING AND RECITATION.*

A Class-Book for Schools and Private Students.

BY

CHARLES E. CLEGG,

*Lecturer on Elocution at Yorkshire United College, Bradford, and
Lancashire College, Manchester, and Lecturer on English
Literature and Elocution at the Liverpool Young
Men's Christian Association.*

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P R E F A C E.

The time has gone by for emphasizing the necessity of Elocution : its utility is self-evident in every walk of life, particularly in public life. What teachers have now to do is to make their instruction of practical service to every learner. We can best accomplish this by setting forth the true basis of Elocution, showing that its roots are in human nature no less than in Art.

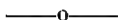
There is no attempt in these few pages to compass the whole subject of Elocution ; I simply define the elements and their relationships, and at the same time raise into due importance the literary aspect of Elocution. In my opinion too much attention has been given to the trivialities of display, while the fundamental principles binding together thought and speech have been proportionately neglected. A better state of things cannot prevail till there is more universal reverence and affection for literature as the artistic embodiment of human life and character.

I beg to acknowledge with thanks the courtesy of the following Authors and Publishers in granting permission to reprint copyright pieces.—Mr. Lewis Carroll ; Mr Eric Mackay ; Messrs. James Nisbet & Co.; Messrs. Kegan, Paul, Trubner & Co., publishers of the “Lotos” edition of the poems of Mr. Eric Mackay ; Mr. George Allen, publisher of Mr. Ruskin’s works. Should any copyright piece have been inserted without permission, I most heartily apologize to the holders, assuring them that every care has been taken to avoid such trespass.

C. E. C.

MOUNT PLEASANT,
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CONTENTS.



PREFACE	iii.
-------------------	------

THE ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

	PAGE
ELOCUTION : Introduction	1
„ PART I.—THE MATTER	2
„ PART II.—THE MECHANISM	17
„ PART III.—THE MANNER	23
„ „ Gesture	31
„ „ Vocal Exercises	32

PART IV.—SELECTIONS—POETRY.

(A) DRAMATIC.

The Merchant of Venice—Act I., sc. III.	<i>Shakspeare</i>	10
Othello—Act I., sc. III.	„	34
The Merchant of Venice—Act IV., sc. I.	„	38
Julius Cæsar—Act II., sc. II.	„	47
„ Act III., sc. II.	„	50
„ Act IV., sc. III.	„	57
Macbeth—Act III., sc. I.	„	61
Henry the Fourth—Act II., sc. IV.	„	65
Henry the Eighth—Act III., sc. II.	„	68
As You Like It—Act III., sc. II.	„	75
Hamlet—Act III., sc. I.	„	78
„ Act II., sc. II.	„	79
Richard the Third—Act IV., sc. II.	„	82
King John—Act IV., sc. I.	„	85

SOLILOQUIES AND SPEECHES.

	PAGE
Queen Mab	89
Gloster's Soliloquy	90
Henry the Fifth before Agincourt	92

MISCELLANEOUS DIALOGUES.

The Honeymoon (Scene from)	<i>Tobin</i> 93
The School for Scandal „	<i>Sheridan</i> 97
She Stoops to Conquer „	<i>Goldsmith</i> 101
The Rivals „	<i>Sheridan</i> 105
Essex and Spenser (from "Imaginary Conversations")	<i>Landon</i> 109

(B) LYRIC.

The Bridge of Sighs	<i>Hood</i> 113
The Children	<i>Attributed to Dickens</i> 114
The Children's Hour	<i>Longfellow</i> 116
The Arsenal	<i>Longfellow</i> 117
The Day is Done	<i>Longfellow</i> 118
Beethoven at the Piano	<i>Eric Mackay</i> 120
The Waking of the Lark	<i>Eric Mackay</i> 13
To a Mouse	<i>Burns</i> 122
Honest Poverty	<i>Burns</i> 123
Hymn to the Sunrise	<i>Coleridge</i> 124
Annabel Lee	<i>Poe</i> 126
The Passions	<i>Collins</i> 25

(C) NARRATIVE.

An Old Dominie's Story	<i>Robert Buchanan</i> 127
The Singing Leaves	<i>J. R. Lowell</i> 130
Hiawatha and the Pearl Feather	<i>Longfellow</i> 133
Barbara Fritchie	<i>Whittier</i> 131
Maud Müller	<i>Whittier</i> 142
Ginevra	<i>Rogers</i> 8

(D) DESCRIPTIVE.

	PAGE
The Bishop and the Caterpillar	<i>Anon.</i> 144
The Bells	<i>Poe</i> 150
Guild's Signal	<i>Bret Harte</i> 153
Human Nature	<i>Anon.</i> 154
The Field of Waterloo	<i>Byron</i> 155
The Legend Beautiful	<i>Longfellow</i> 157
The Ropewalk	<i>Longfellow</i> 160
The Opening of the Piano	<i>O. W. Holmes</i> 162
Queen Mab (a Fairy Tale)	<i>Hood</i> 163
The Dream of the Reveller	<i>C. Mackay</i> 164
The Well of St. Keyne	<i>Southey</i> 166
A Landscape Sketch	<i>Keats</i> 167
The Norman Baron	<i>Longfellow</i> 15

(E) REFLECTIVE.

Autobiography	<i>F. R. Havergal</i> 170
On Re-visiting the Banks of the Wye	<i>Wordsworth</i> 174
London, September, 1802	<i>Wordsworth</i> 176
London, 1802	<i>Wordsworth</i> 177
Lines written in Early Spring	<i>Wordsworth</i> 16

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

The Parting of the Ways	<i>J. R. Lowell</i> 177
The Heritage	<i>J. R. Lowell</i> 180
The Walrus and the Carpenter	<i>Lewis Carroll</i> 182
Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 185
Tubal Cain	<i>C. Mackay</i> 186
Contest between the Nose and the Eyes	<i>Cowper</i> 186
The Bachelor's Dream	<i>Hood</i> 187
A Parental Ode	<i>Hood</i> 28

SELECTIONS—PROSE.

ELOQUENCE.

		PAGE
On the Outbreak of Hostilities with China	<i>Gladstone</i>	189
On War	<i>Bright</i>	193
Knowledge and the Aspiration of Youth	<i>Disraeli</i>	195
Parliamentary Reform	<i>Macaulay</i>	197

NARRATIVE.

The Three Cherry-Stones	<i>Anon.</i>	199
An Attic Philosopher in Paris	<i>Souvestre</i>	202

DESCRIPTIVE.

Copperfield's Housekeeping	<i>Dickens</i>	206
A City by Night	<i>Carlyle</i>	210
Coverley Hall	<i>Addison</i>	212
Coverley Sabbath	<i>Addison</i>	215
Skating Experiences	<i>Dickens</i>	217
The Death of Little Dombey	<i>Dickens</i>	222
A Shipwreck at Yarmouth	<i>Dickens</i>	225
A Rainy Sunday in an Inn	<i>W. Irving</i>	229
The Sky	<i>Ruskin</i>	232
An M.P.'s Secretary	<i>Dickens</i>	234

INDEX TO AUTHORS	238
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ELOCUTION.

ERRATA.

Page 12, line 16,	<i>read</i>	bondman's	for	bondsman.
„ 17, „ 29, „		depend	„	depends.
„ 27, „ 16, „		clash	„	clasp.
„ 47, „ 22, „		have	„	hath.
„ 60, „ 15, „		hnmour	„	honour.
„ 155, „ 31, „		sound	„	sounds.
„ 173, „ 13, „		fragrance	„	fragnance.
„ 179, „ 17, „		woman	„	women.
„ 233, „ 1, „		sometimes	„	sometime.

vey similar impressions to other minds. AKIN to the poets art of interpreting nature and life first-hand, is the art that seeks to ARTICULATE the sights and feelings of the poet: the art of representing in human TONES the lights and shades, the heights and depths of passion and imagination. In these pages we shall consider elocution as connected inseparably, though not exclusively, with passion and conception: as that scheme of exposition by which mind appreciates mind through the medium of the voice and its accompaniments. And he who would truly read like “he who would truly write a great poem, ought himself to be a true poem.”

II. We may give a more practical definition of elocution. It is the art of *expressing* all communicable thought, written

and impromptu, with CLEARNESS and PROPRIETY. Clearness relating to the mechanical utterance of words; propriety concerning itself with the apprehension of the subject-matter, and everything affecting the reflection of the author's mind as it appears in paragraph or verse.

For convenience and simplicity we shall divide our subject into three parts :—

- (1) The *Matter*, or that which is to be expressed ;
- (2) The *Mechanism*, or vehicle of expression ; and
- (3) The *Manner*, or symbolism of expression.

This threefold view of elocution gives room for a brief examination of the nature of literature, of the vocal organs, and of expression.

(A.) POETRY. (B.) PROSE.

III. (A.) **Poetry.**—Before we can successfully re-create the work of an author vocally, we must in a manner appropriate his mind. With such as Goldsmith, Longfellow, and Dickens, the task will be comparatively easy. Shakspeare, Milton, Browning, Carlyle, and the like, will exact much more from us ; here we shall find a heavy call upon our imagination, sympathy, and experience, such, indeed, that we can never hope to fully meet. It matters not, however, whether the subject be trifling or profound, we must obey the principle of adopting with all possible nearness the AUTHOR'S attitude toward his subject.

Our first act must be to immerse ourselves in the spirit of the composition we wish to read : leaving the consideration of voice and gesture until we have caught every point of the author's meaning. When the intellect becomes mature, a

suitable form of delivery will appear in union with the aim of the writer: this is one reason why a skilled elocutionist can interpret literature so much more readily than others.

If you give critical attention to public readers or reciters who have had no systematic training, or who lack the "literary faculty," you will find them confuse the literary elements of a composition. That is, they will probably narrate where they should describe, and describe where they should narrate, or declaim where they need merely to explain. The richest voice and most elegant gesture, though they may do much, cannot compensate for habitual misapprehension of this kind. In order, then, to gain a clearer notion of the elements representable in speech, the student must know something of the leading constituents of literature as an embodiment of mind. Some such scheme as we here give, though incomplete and unsatisfactory in many ways, may help to greater facility of apprehension, and show the propriety of consonance between mind and voice.

IV. Take *Poetry* first. Everyone will see reason in our distinguishing between the material of Cowper's "John Gilpin" and Shelley's "Skylark": one a humorous *story*, and the other an outburst of *emotional* admiration.

Again, the play of "The Merchant of Venice" is different in substance and structure from the "Paradise Lost" or the "Light of Asia."

Further, Pope's "Essay on Man," with its connected chains of reason, is altogether unlike Goldsmith's description of the "Country Clergyman," or Byron's exciting picture of "Waterloo."

From this we gather that there are certain large elements, more or less distinct, which, existing in separate or in mixed

form, may be said to constitute the great mass of literature. The poem will of course take its definition from the prevailing element.

Generally speaking, poetry is resolvable into the following five classes :—

1. NARRATIVE = Story-telling. Examples : "John Gilpin," "Horatius," "Hervé Riel."
2. DRAMATIC = Dialogue. Examples : "Julius Cæsar," "Othello," etc.
3. LYRIC = Emotional. Examples : "The Skylark," "Hymn to the Sunrise," "The Day is done."
4. DESCRIPTIVE = Pictorial. Examples : "The Field of Waterloo," "Hohenlinden," "The Cottar's Saturday Night."
5. REFLECTIVE = Didactic, Argumentative. Examples : "The Task," "Essay on Man."

It will at once be seen that while each class of poem represents a given state of mind, the whole five states of mind enter into some poems ; many will contain three, and others only two, and some few have but one element.

V. We are now face to face with the real question : shall we deliver a poem that combines within itself, say, three elements, in the spirit of the leading element, and ignore the other two ? No. We must at all times, as a fixed principle, accommodate *our* mood to that of the poem, however it may change. In this way we make the *Manner* accord perfectly with the *Matter*, and so accomplish our purpose.

Were it necessary for the exponent of poetry to possess the creative genius of the poet, and at the same time the poet to have the art of the reader, there is a possibility that we should have few of either. Fortunately this is not so : but it concerns us to know that what fills the mind of the author

ought, in some degree, to occupy the mind of the reader, while he reads aloud, as well as during his study of the poet.

Or it may be put thus : We are the workmen ; speech, look and gesture are our materials, and the poem is the design to be implicitly followed : consequently an irreproachable copy depends on the truth of our conception and the knowledge we have of our materials. From all this we may argue that any person bringing to the work of an author a fixed habit or mannerism, prevents the direct reflection of the author's mind, and so violates the first principle of vocal and mental union.

Let us learn to approach literature, as the wiser scientists approached nature, with simplicity and openness of mind, and literature, like nature, will withhold no secrets.

VI. IN PREPARING A SELECTION FOR RECITATION we might adopt this fashion of inquiry :—

1. What are its elements ?
2. What the real *gist* of the poem, and where its *climax* ?
3. What parts come next in importance to the climax ?
4. Where will *gesture* help the matter, or, appropriately, supplement the delivery ?

There are poems, beautiful and effective, that seem to have no conspicuous *climax* or *crisis*, the temperature being uniform throughout. “The Village Blacksmith” and “Maud Müller” in many respects are of this class, while the “Bridge of Sighs,” “Charge of the Light Brigade,” and “Horatius” are remarkable for climax.

Apply this our analytical test to

“THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.”

1. We find four elements present : Descriptive, narrative, dramatic, and lyric. The body of the poem is descrip-

tive ; the opening reveals a trace of the dramatic, and the close a trace of the lyric, while a thin narrative-thread binds the whole.

2. The gist or substance of this martial ballad is heroic obedience to duty in the face of death : the most active climax is reached when the horsemen plunge in the battery-smoke, mingle in terrible conflict with the Russians, and finally spike the guns.
3. The depiction of their return is slightly inferior as a rhetorical climax, but eloquently pathetic. The last few lines, that have the breadth and depth of national acclamation, are bold and full of enthusiasm.
4. Many carefully studied gestures are wanted to make this poem live. "Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them," etc., should have illustrative action from the right arm ; imitative sword-cuts at the climax are admissible ; a gesture in keeping with the acclaim of the last line gives the poem finish.

To re-emphasize this principle of the poem dictating its own style of interpretation, let us add : A Narrative piece must be uttered in a tale-telling way ; a Lyric with a suitable temperature of feeling ; a Descriptive Scene with a just amount of vividness and colouring ; a Dialogue, or Drama, with sufficient individualisation of the characters ; and a Reflective, or Didactic, work with its right proportion of argumentativeness or counsel.

One fact, however, keep always in mind, and that is that there are degrees of *quality*, from the *simple* to the *sublime*, in each class of literature. For example, a *tragedy* usually reveals more extraordinary life than a *comedy*, and yet both are correctly called Dramatic literature : "Paradise Lost" and "Hiawatha," both Narrative in kind, differ widely in *degree* :

so with the other classes. The degree of temper or spirit applied to various poems must exactly agree with the *quality* of the matter.

VII. THE READING OF SCRIPTURE.—The double rule we have laid down, respecting KIND and DEGREE, touches the Bible with the same certainty that it does other books. The “Psalms,” lyrical in essence, are totally different from the book of “Revelation.” Again, the Bible swarms with dramatic chapters, such as “Acts” xxiv. and xxvi., essentially dissimilar from, say, the pastoral scenes in the book of “Ruth.” In all its departments the Bible stands foremost, while much of it is transcendantly loftier than anything else we know: accordingly, a treatment more uniformly dignified is required for Scripture, modulated in degree to the grandeur or simplicity of its chapters.

VIII. (B.) Prose.—What has been said with reference to the interpretation of Poetry and the Bible must, in the main, be repeated with respect to Prose. Our classification of poetry—the Lyric excepted—serves for prose. The term Lyric, nevertheless, has its prose equivalent in “*Eloquence*”: so that by substituting “*Eloquence*” for “Lyric,” the one order is preserved for poetry and prose, with, practically, the same method of exposition. We do not state that prose and poetry are synonymous, requiring a common treatment—they are palpably distinct—but that the excitement created by a given spirit is the same whether the composition be a metrical or prose medium.

IX. HUMOUR, in spite of Tom Hood, reads best in prose. Students of Shakspeare will have noticed that his naturally *comic* characters drop into prose when they speak at length.

Swift's humour is dry and demure: Addison's humour is light and sportive for the most part: the humour of Dickens is invariably broad and merry: Holmes and Twain have an odd vein each, all to themselves. We mention humour because, as no nature is complete without a degree of it, so no reader would be an all-round representative of human experience who had not a quick perception of wit and humour. The reader needs to distinguish between these several classes of humour, or he will mistake demure absurdity for fact. The "Coverley Papers," by Addison, afford the amateur room for capital practice, and many of the funnier papers would be most welcome to a select audience, either public or private. The mass of Englishmen love fun not less than excitement.

We cannot conclude this stage of our study without urging upon the aspirant the necessity for careful and patient preparation of his recitals; remembering that the listeners have only the time the delivery occupies in which to grasp the poem. As an interpreter he is bound to make his hearers see and feel what the author intends: this will often entail long and critical study, but it is, even on the meanest ground, preferable to the perilous course of superficial study. No reader should allow himself to speak words the *meaning* of which he does not fully comprehend. On our way, then, to establish a sound and consistent connection between LITERATURE and DELIVERY, what have we found?

1. That as Literature interprets Life and Nature, so Elocution interprets Literature.

2. That literature is divisible into certain classes, each of which requires specific treatment.

3. That the rules laid down for reading and reciting stand good for extemporaneous or prepared speech of our own contrivance.

X. SPECIMENS OF NARRATIVE, DRAMATIC, LYRIC, DESCRIPTIVE, AND REFLECTIVE POETRY.

The reader will note that the following elements preponderate in, but do not monopolize, the examples as they are classified. Three degrees of value, *i.e.* important, more important, most important, are represented in italics, small capitals, and large capitals respectively.

NARRATIVE,

"Ginevra."

Rogers.

There is nothing complex about this poem, it is a plainly-told story in three parts. First, the appearance of a beautiful, laughing young bride ; second, her alarming disappearance ; and third, the revelation of her tragic death.

The poem should be opened and continued briskly and cheerfully till the gloom of her absence sets in upon the wedding festival. The strain of anxiety on the part of her father and guests must be realistically exhibited. Begin from "Full fifty years," etc., in an off-hand fashion, but when the secret of the chest is divulged, let the word SKELETON have the most marked effect. The pathetic reference to the pearls and seal—"her mother's legacy"—should be finely treated in slow and tender tones.

Pitch of Voice—MIDDLE.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra, the joy, the pride of an indulgent sire ; and in her fifteenth year became a *bride*, marrying an only son, Francesco Doria, her playmate from her birth, and *her first love*. She was all *gentleness*, all *gaiety*, her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue. But now the day was come, the day, the hour ; now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time, the *nurse*, that ancient lady, preached *decorum* ; and *Ginevra*, in the lustre of her youth, gave her hand, with her *heart* in it, to *Francesco*. Great was the *joy* ; but, at the nuptial feast, when all sat down, the *bride* was *wanting* there, nor was she to be found ! Her *father* cried, "Tis but to make a trial of our love !" and filled his glass to all ; but *his hand shook*, and soon from *guest to guest* the *panic spread*. 'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco, laughing, and looking back, and flying still—her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger. But now, alas ! she was not to be found ; nor *from that hour* could any thing be guessed, but that *she was not* !

Weary of his life, Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith flung it away in battle with the Turk. Orsini lived ; and long mightst thou have seen an *old man* wandering as in quest of something, something *he could not find*—he knew not what. When he was gone, the *house* remained awhile *silent* and *tenantless*—then went to *strangers*.

Full *fifty years* were past, and all forgot ; when on an idle day,—a day of search 'mid the *old lumber* in the gallery,—that mouldering CHEST was noticed ; and 'twas said by one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra, "Why not remove it from its lurking place ?" 'Twas done as soon as

said; but, on the way, it *burst*, it *fell*; and lo! a *SKELETON*, with here and there a *pearl*, an emerald-stone, a *golden clasp*, *clasping* a *shred of gold*! All else had perished—save a *nuptial-ring*, and a small *seal*, her *mother's legacy*, engraven with a name, the name of both—"GINEVRA." There then had she found a *grave*! Within that chest had she concealed herself, fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy; when a *spring-lock*, that lay in ambush there, *closed*, and *fastened her down for ever*!

DRAMATIC, from "The Merchant of Venice," *Shakspeare*.

Act I., Scene iii.—A public place in Venice.

With so well-known a scene as this we cannot do better than describe the three characters in the language of other figures in the play, and trust to the printed significance given to important words in the text for further help to the reader.

BASSANIO is "A scholar and a soldier."—NERISSA.

ANTONIO. "One in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears } BASSANIO.
Than any that draws breath in Italy."

SHYLOCK. "A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch } THE DUKE.
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy."

Use the following order of vocal pitch:—

Shylock—LOW.

Antonio—MIDDLE.

Bassanio—TWO TONES HIGHER THAN ANTONIO.

SHY. Three thousand ducats,—*well*.

BASS. Ay, sir, for *three months*.

SHY. For three months,—*well*.

BASS. For the which, as I told you, *Antonio shall be bound*.

SHY. Antonio shall become bound,—*well*.

BASS. May you *stead* me? Will you *pleasure* me? Shall I know your *answer*?

SHY. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASS. Your *answer* to that.

SHY. Antonio is a *good man*?

BASS. Have you heard any imputation to the *contrary*?

SHY. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is *sufficient*. Yet his *means* are in *supposition*: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and *other* ventures he hath, *squander'd abroad*. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, land-thieves, and water-thieves,—I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The *man* is, *notwithstanding*, *sufficient*;—three thousand ducats:—I *think* I may take his *bond*.

BASS. Be assured you *may*.

SHY. I *will* be assured I *may*; and, that I *may* be assured, I will *bethink* me. May I *speak* with Antonio?

BASS. If it please you to *dine* with us.

SHY. Yes, to *smell* pork; I will *buy* with you, *sell* with you, *talk* with you, *walk* with you, and so following; but I will not *eat* with you, *drink* with you, nor *pray* with you. What *news* on the Rialto?—Who is *he* comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

BASS. This is signior Antonio.

SHY. [*Aside.*] How like a *fawning* publican he looks! I *hate* him for he is a *Christian*:

But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He *lends out money gratis*, and brings down
The *rate of usance* here with us in Venice.
If I can *catch* him once upon the *hip*,
I will *feed fat* the ancient *grudge* I bear him.
He *hates* our sacred nation; and he *rails*,
Even *there where merchants most do congregate*,
On *me*, my *bargains*, and my *well-won thrift*,
Which *he* calls *interest*. Cursed be my *tribe*,
If I *forgive* him!

BASS. Shylock, do you hear?

SHY. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! *How many months*
Do you *desire*? Rest you *fair*, good signior;

[To ANTONIO.]

Your *worship* was the *last* man in our mouths.

ANT. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of *excess*,
Yet, to supply the *ripe wants* of my friend,
I'll *break a custom*.—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

SHY. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANT. And for three months.

SHY. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your *bond*; and, let me see,——but hear you;
Methought, you said, *you neither lend nor borrow*
Upon advantage.

ANT. I do never *use* it.

SHY. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve,—then, let me see, the *rate*—

ANT. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me

About my *moneys*, and my *usances* :
 Still have I borne it with a *patient shrug* ;
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe ;
 You call me—*misbeliever, cut-throat dog*,
 And *spit* upon my *Jewish gaberdine*,
 And all for *use* of that which is *mine own*.
 Well then, it now appears, you need *my help* ;
 Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys. You say so ;
 You, that did void your *rheum* upon my beard,
 And foot me as you spurn a *stranger cur*
Ov'r your threshold ; moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money ? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? Or
 Shall I bend low, and in a *bondsman's key*,
 With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say this,—

Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys.

ANT. I am as like to *call* thee so again,
 To *spit* on thee again, to *spurn* thee too.
 If thou wilt *lend this money*, lend it not
 As to thy *friends* ; (for when did friendship take
 A *breed* for barren metal of his friend ?)
 But lend it rather to thine *enemy* ;
 Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

SHY. Why, look you, how you *storm* !
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit
 Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me :
This is kind I offer.

ANT. This *were* kindness.

SHY. This kindness will I show.
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there
 Your single bond ; and, *in a merry sport*,
 If you *repay* me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an *equal pound*
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANT. Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,
 And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASS. You shall not seal to such a bond for me :
 I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANT. Why, fear not, man : I will not forfeit it :
Within these *two months*, that's a *month before*
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHY. O father Abraham, what these *Christians* are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others !—Pray you tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of *man's flesh*, taken from a man,
Is not so *estimable*, *profitable* neither,
As flesh of *muttons*, *beefs*, or *goats*. I say,
To buy his *favour*, I extend this *friendship* :
If he will take it, *so* ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

ANT. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHY. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond ;
And I will go and *purse the ducats straight*,
See to my house, (left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave,) and *presently*
I will be with you.

[Exit SHYLOCK.]

ANT. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian : *he grows kind*.

BASS. I like not *fair terms*, and a *villain's mind*.

ANT. Come on : in this there can be no dismay ;
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt.]

LYRIC, "The Waking of the Lark," Eric Mackay.

A rapturous apostrophe, as melodious and unflagging as the carol of the "priest in grey apparel," that "dainty thing on wonder's wing, by life and love elated."

In reading or reciting this Objective Lyric, the *object* of the poet's inspiration should be addressed up to and including verse V. : verses VI. and VII. are spoken to the audience ; while the last verse is directed to the bird.

Pitch of Voice—ABOVE THE MIDDLE, BUT NOT HIGH.

I.

O bonnie bird, that in the brake, exultant, dost prepare thee—
As *poets* do whose thoughts are true,—for wings that will upbear thee ;
Oh ! tell me, tell me, bonnie bird,
Canst thou not pipe of *hope deferred* ?
Or canst thou sing of naught but Spring among the golden meadows ?

II.

Methinks a bard (and thou art one) should suit his song to *sorrow*,
 And tell of pain, as well as gain, that waits us on the morrow ;
 But thou art not a prophet, thou,
 If naught but joy can touch thee now ;
 If, in thy heart, thou hast no vow that speaks of Nature's anguish.

III.

Oh ! I have held my sorrows dear, and felt, though poor and slighted,
 The *songs we love* are those we hear when love is *unrequited*.
 But thou art still the *slave of dawn*,
 And canst not sing till night be gone,
 Till o'er the pathway of the fawn the sunbeams shine and quiver.

IV.

Thou art the *minion of the sun* that rises in his splendour,
 And canst not spare for Dian fair the songs that should attend her.
 The *moon*, so sad and silver-pale,
 Is mistress of the *nightingale* ;
 And thou wilt sing on hill and dale no ditties in the darkness.

V.

For Queen and King thou wilt not spare one note of thine outpouring ;
 And thou'rt as free as breezes be on *Nature's velvet flooring*.
 The *daisy*, with its *hood undone*,
 The *grass*, the *sunlight*, and the *sun*—
 These are the joys, thou holy one ! that pay thee for thy singing.

VI.

Oh, hush ! Oh, hush ! how wild a gush of *rapture* in the distance,—
 A *roll of rhymes*, a *toll of chimes*, a *cry for love's assistance* ;
 A sound that wells from happy throats,
 A flood of song where beauty floats,
 And where our thoughts, like golden boats, do seem to cross a river.

VII.

This is the *advent* of the lark—the priest in grey apparel—
 Who doth prepare to trill in air his sinless Summer carol ;
 This is the prelude to the lay
 The birds did sing in Cæsar's day,
 And will again, for aye and aye, in praise of God's creation.

VIII.

O dainty thing, on *wonder's wing*, by *life* and *love elated*,
 Oh ! *sing aloud* from *cloud to cloud*, till *day* be *consecrated* ;
 Till from the gateways of the morn,
 The sun, with all its light unshorn,
 His *robes of darkness* round him *torn*, doth scale the lofty heavens !

DESCRIPTIVE, "The Norman Baron," Longfellow.

Here is represented the death-bed of a Baron who covers his name with honour by liberating with his last breath the slaves and vassals in his service. The influences at work are the prayers of the monk, the songs of freedom sung by Saxon minstrels, and the lightning of the heavens. The progress of repentance and noble resolution must be carefully brought out amid the vivid scenic effects.

The good deed, at the eleventh hour, snatches his name from obscurity, and elevates truth and justice high over the show and fashion of the world.

Give the last two verses all the breadth and dignity you can command, especially emphasising the antithesis.

Pitch of Voice—MIDDLE.

In his chamber, weak and *dying*,
 Was the Norman Baron lying;
 Loud, without, the *tempest thundered*,
 And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
 Spite of vassal and retainer,
 And the lands his sires had plundered,
 Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a *monk* was seated,
 Who in humble voice repeated
 Many a *prayer* and *pater-noster*,
 From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
 Sounds of *bells* came faintly stealing,
 Bells, that from the neighbouring cloister,
 Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the *serf* and *vassal*
 Held, that night, their *Christmas wassail* ;
 Many a *carol*, old and saintly,
 Sang the *minstrels* and the *waits*.

And so *loud* these *Saxon gleemen*
 Sang to *slaves* the songs of *freemen*,
 That the storm was heard but faintly,
 Knocking at the castle gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted
 Reached the *chamber terror-haunted*,
 Where the monk with accents holy,
Whispered in the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
 As he *paused* awhile and listened,
 And the dying baron slowly
 Turned his *weary head* to hear

"Wassail for the kingly stranger,
 Born and cradled in a manger !
 King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
 Christ is born to set us *free* !"

And the *lightning* showed the *sainted*
Figures on the casement painted,
 And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of *deep contrition*,
 He beheld, with clearer vision,
 Through all *outward show* and *fashion*,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the *pomp* of *earth* had *vanished*,
 Falsehood and deceit were banished,
 Reason spake more loud than passion,
 And the *truth* wore no *disguise*.

Every vassal of his banner,
 Every serf borne to his manor,
 All *those wronged* and *wretched creatures*
 By *his hand* were freed again.

And as on the *sacred missal*
 He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his *iron features*,
 And the monk replied, "*Amen!*"

Many *centuries* have been numbered
 Since in *death* the baron *slumbered*
 By the *convent's sculptured portal*,
 Mingling with the *common dust* :

But the GOOD DEED through the ages
 LIVING in historic pages
 Brighter grows and *gleams immortal*,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

REFLECTIVE, "Lines Written in Early Spring."

Wordsworth.

The pre-ordained harmony between Nature and Man that Wordsworth contended for and preached of so eloquently is uppermost in these lines :

"To her fair works did Nature link
 The human soul that through me ran."

He shows that man lives out his best self under the refining and ennobling influences of Nature. Man divorced from nature is a failure: "much it grieved my heart to think what man has made of man."

The interpreter must *distil* the thought and teaching of this poem, or he will fail to give his hearers a true impression of Wordsworth's mind. Give prominence to the doctrine of Nature having an *indwelling spirit* :

"'Tis my *faith* that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

A calm, simple but reverent manner is the most appropriate for this poem.

Pitch of Voice—MIDDLE.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when *pleasant* thoughts
Bring *sad* thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human *soul* that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What *man* has *made* of *man*.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The *periwinkle* trailed its wreathes ;
And 'tis my *faith* that every *flower*
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The *birds* around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least *motion* which they made,
It seemed a *thrill* of *pleasure*.

The budding *twigs* spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was *pleasure* there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be *Nature's holy plan*,
Have I not reason to *lament*
What *MAN* has *MADE* of *MAN* ?

PART II.

XI. The Mechanism.—We now come to consider in a very general way the structure and function of the instrument by which all vocal effects are produced. By way of preface to this part of our study, it will not be out of place to remark that the truth, vigour, and beauty of interpretation depends much upon the strength, resonance, and compass of the voice. We can do as little justice to a grand poem or a noble chapter of prose with a defective voice as a musician with an exhausted organ or tuneless piano can do to the composition of a great master. Hence, two things are accepted, first, that we must, if possible, secure what is called a “good voice,” and secondly,

having acquired an ample and manageable voice, learn to preserve it by regular and careful exercise. The exercises arranged in this book, if strictly and systematically followed, are calculated not only to keep a good voice in order, but to establish any voice that is capable of being trained; and it is not too much to assert that unless some such exercises are methodically practised, no voice will maintain its tone and power.

Roughly speaking, the speech-mechanism embraces the following parts, varying, of course, in their degree of importance, but all demanding the attention of the student.

(1) The Lungs, (2) The Vocal Chords, (3) The Tongue, the Teeth, and the Lips.

In the act of speech, the vocal chords, otherwise apart and at rest, are brought together at due tension, and as the air from the lungs strives to escape through the narrow chink, the edges of the chords vibrate and produce sound, which, modified by the upper portion of the throat and the mouth, may be articulated into words by the tongue, teeth, and lips.

This, though a bald description of the process of speech-formation, will give the beginner all he needs to know at the outset.

XII. (1.) THE LUNGS.—There is a common fallacy abroad that the normal capacity of these organs is sufficient in all cases to meet the *extraordinary* strain put upon them by public speaking and reading. For the *ordinary* purposes of life they may well perform their function without care on our part, but when we wish to speak long and frequently in large buildings, their power must be economised.

The voice is so dependent upon the lungs that any excessive or mis-use of the latter quickly shows itself in a deterioration of tone and power. The following precepts, along with the

breathing-exercises, will help the speaker to gain complete control over the lungs, and give ease, steadiness, and endurance to the voice.

1. Take in the breath steadily through the nostrils, and always inflate the *lower part* of the chest.
2. Avoid, as a system of breathing, throwing out the upper part of the chest and drawing in the lower part.
3. Take as many *deep inhalations* as you conveniently can at the *outstart* of your recital or speech.
4. Commence to speak the *instant your lungs are filled* : delay causes exhaustion and confusion.
5. Remember that you control the emission of breath by the lower chest-muscles.
6. Stoop as little as possible while you speak, and refrain from gestures that *unnecessarily* cramp the chest.

XIII. (2.) The VOCAL CHORDS, extremely simple in structure, are governed by an indescribably complicated set of muscles, the action of which can be best understood by the examination of a *bullock's* or *human larynx*. Though few details of this branch of our subject come within the scope of so general a view as the present, something more than a passing reference may naturally be expected. Let it be remembered, then, that during *silent* respiration the vocal chords lie *apart*, but when we will to utter a *sound* they *approximate*. Now this coming-together of the chords is a form of *attack*, which it is highly important to perfect by exercise.

The exercise best suited to the strengthening of these attack-muscles is the one that secures the *dilatation* and *contraction* of the vocal chords for every vowel sound (see exercise), and the value of moderate daily practice in this way cannot be overstated. On the other hand, violent or long-sustained use

of the voice during the early years of training might result in some very obstinate form of laryngitis, or "Clergyman's sore throat."

Another point is, the *position of the vocal chords* in the throat, relative to *pitch*. It is not at all uncommon to hear of singing masters requiring their pupils to keep the vocal chords at *one fixed elevation* during the production of *low, middle, and high tones*: this, in the face of nature, seems almost incredible.

If you look in the mirror at that prominence in the throat commonly called "Adam's Apple" (properly speaking, the *thyroid cartilage*, containing the vocal chords), as you sing up and down the scale, you will notice its *upward and downward* movement *corresponds* with the *rise and fall* in the scale. The lid (or epiglottis) follows the same course.

Nature's argument then is, that the nearer the voice-producing apparatus is to the chest, the longer must be the tunnel-like cavity or resonator of the throat above it, and hence the *deeper tones*; whilst the nearer this organ is to the top of the throat, the shallower must be the cavity or resonator, and so the *higher and thinner tones*.

This is not the whole, but it is an important part of the cause of pitch-variation, considered independently of the speaker's *will*.

To the *public reader*—especially the reader of *dramatic literature*—a knowledge of this agreement between the *position of the larynx* and the *pitch of voice* is most helpful in enabling him to assume more quickly and decidedly the various needful "changes of voice," as we say.

It should be mentioned that the *nasal channels* and the *mouth* form parts of the varied cavity or resonator to which reference has just been made; and should there be any structural defect of the nose or mouth, the *purity* of the voice is

sure to be affected. A deficient supply of teeth, or an impeded nostril, will often mar the tone and articulation of a speaker.

XIV. (3.) THE MOUTH (Tongue, Teeth, and Lips). A *lazy* jaw is not less to be condemned than one too active. They are alike unlovely. How frequently are we aggravated by the unintelligible mumblings of *people who will not open their mouths*: they keep the lower jaw tightly wedged under the upper jaw, and force their words through the nose and teeth in a manner disagreeable to the sensitive listener, and, at the same time, detrimental to their own vocal organs. If we would articulate audibly and easily, we must open the mouth: that is, move the lower jaw adequately.

And again, let us remember that we are not to speak in the *throat*, but well to the *front* of the mouth, so that the voice in its free forward-passage may catch some character from the roof of the mouth, and from what may be called the metallic keys—the *teeth*. The teeth give an indispensable sibilant quality to the letter *s* in certain positions, while the lips make the *p*'s and *b*'s, and secondarily, the *m*'s, impressive. No speaker can hope to faithfully utter the subtleties of poetic expression—where sense and sound-symbols are perfectly wedded—without a nice control over these two auxiliaries; and it is possible so to master them as to give extraordinary significance to a *single word*: for example, the words “*serpent*” and “*bond*,” used as they are in the “*Merchant of Venice*,” carry an immense amount of meaning when correctly spoken (see exercises).

This consideration of the function of the mouth brings us into the domain of what may be styled the “*Technique*” of our art.

XV. Midway, however, between the “*Mechanism*” and the “*Technique*” are two seemingly independent subjects—*Enun-*

ciation and Pronunciation. These two elements form the bridge between the voice and the principles of voice-use.

ENUNCIATION refers to actual word-formation. Correct enunciation consists in an ample and an infallibly *clear* utterance of *letters, syllables, and words*. Few are gifted with perfect enunciation, owing to the careless habits of speech formed during the period of youth: still, faults the most stubborn can, as a rule, be removed by watchfulness and constant contact with good models. In addition to the set exercises, the pupil should remember to—

1. Keep the lungs well supplied.
2. Raise the tongue to the roof of the mouth before beginning to speak.
3. Open the mouth well.
4. Speak forward.
5. Form each syllable fully and firmly, and *liberate* all articulations *promptly*, but not abruptly.

PRONUNCIATION means something different from enunciation, though they are frequently confounded. In elocutionary phraseology pronunciation has to do with *exactness of accentuation*, and *purity of the vowel and consonant*. Some persons have a naturally good pronunciation, but most are in some degree faulty. Patient, incessant correction will reform even obstinate *provincialisms*.

The vowels *o* and *u* are usually the most sinned against, and should be practised with the other exercises here given.

1. NG : *singing, running, jumping, shouting*—not *singin', etc.*
2. TS : *guests, acts, tracts, facts, gusts, sects*—not *tracs, etc.*
3. IBLE : *horrible, terrible, possible, edible, indestructible*—not *horrrable, etc.*
4. ENT : *dependent, resplendent, consistent*—not *consistant, etc.*
5. ITY : *charity, purity, serenity, liberality*—not *charaty, etc.*

6. U : *pull, bull, full, put, puss, push*—not *pass and pat, etc.* *Would, could, should, pulpit, butcher, cushion, sugar, woman*—not *palpit, batcher, etc.*
7. O : *originate, stone, vigorous, provision, victory.*
8. R (*rough*) : *rough, right, razor, romp.*
9. R (*smooth*) : *cur, fur, share, wear, prepare.*

PART III.

XVI. The Manner.—We shall now study very briefly some of the more technical elements of elocution.

Assuming that all “Art is Nature better understood,” we must be compliant, and satisfy ourselves as to the *ways* of nature in her *best types*, and establish out of these a *standard* or *ideal*. What we mean is this : One who speaks with correct emphasis, intonation, and inflexion, is preferable to the one who has no true appreciation of the affinity of speech and thought.

It is a curious and perplexing fact that many persons who betray few faults in extemporaneous speech fail utterly in reading the writings of others. This is due, we think, to their unfamiliarity with the artistic basis of elocution, though it is generally described as a “lack of voice-control.” A knowledge of the *principles of reading* will not create a stiff and *unnatural* style of speaking ; rather will it make the voice a finer and more *faithful* vehicle of thought in both forms of exposition.

Inflexion, Emphasis, Time, Pitch, and Tone are the only elements we can here intelligibly treat.

XVII. 1. INFLEXION is the upward and downward bending of the voice, and should not be identified with Pitch.

Signs :—Upward \nearrow , Downward \searrow , Circumflex \wedge ; these are the principal forms.

Examples of their use :—Men and boys. Boys and girls.

CIRCUMFLEX. { "Void and empty from any dram of Mercy."
M. of Venice.
"Leaving with meekness her sins to her Saviour."
The Bridge of Sighs.

As a rule the *upward* inflexion opens a sentence, and the *cadence of repose* closes it; but the *fall* should rarely be longer than the longest rise in the sentence. In the simplest unimpassioned speech the voice moves in *di-tones*, rising to a *third* on the introduction of a new subject-word; the cadence of the third, therefore, closes the sense.

For example :—“ A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

Though this rule applies pretty generally, the *upward* inflexion frequently best closes the sense.

Example.—“I’d rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.”—*Julius Cæsar*.

The subtle laws regulating inflexion are far too numerous for our space, and for the present can only be thus hinted at.

XVIII. 2. EMPHASIS.—There are many kinds of emphasis, of which the following four are perhaps chief. (1) Emphatic Vocal Stress. (2) Emphasis of Expansion. (3) Emphasis of Individualization. (4) Percussive Emphasis.

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
EMPHASIS.

(1) STRESS.—“I pray you think you question with the
Jew.”—*M. of Venice.*

„ “In she *plunged* boldly.”—*Bridge of Sighs.*

(2) EXPANSION.—“Away slight man.”—*Julius Cæsar.*

(3) INDIVIDUALIZATION.—“And passing ^{rich} with forty
pounds a year.”
Deserted Village.

(4) PERCUSSIVE.—“Thy! currish! spirit! governed! a
wolf!”—*M. of Venice.*

The reader will see that this has reference to the *quality* of emphasis, and has nothing to do with the relative value of words in a sentence. It is what we may term *arbitrary* emphasis in contradistinction to *logical* emphasis. The two are quite different. For instance, the logical expression of the speech, "Away SLIGHT man," would not require the contemptuous tone which we naturally, or *arbitrarily*, bring to the word "slight." The difference is that of *sense* and *sentiment*. To emphasize logically is to give prominence to the word or words in each sentence that most fully symbolize the writer's thought in relation to the context. Invariably the subject or *picture-word* should be conspicuous, as the other parts of speech, like chess-men to the king, are only attendants.

- | | | |
|-----------|---|---|
| EXAMPLES. | { | 1. "Now is the <i>winter</i> of our <i>discontent</i>
Made glorious <i>summer</i> by this <i>sun</i> of <i>York</i> ."
<i>Richard III.</i> |
| | | 2. "Is it for <i>thee</i> the <i>lark</i> ascends and sings?
Is it for <i>thee</i> the <i>linnet</i> pours his throat?"
<i>Essay on Man.</i> |

XIX. TONE.—In the life of George Eliot we are told that "by her *subtle modulation* of voice she was able to throw a glamour over even indifferent composition." Mastery of the *expression of feeling* is one of the crowning graces of elocution. Nothing can be more insipid than MONOTONOUS reading and speaking: passionless, unanimated, unmodulated reading or speaking is untrue to nature, and aggravating to the last degree. Make the tone of the voice sympathize with all the fluctuations of feeling you have to express, and as an exercise in *time*, *pitch*, and especially TONE, practise Collins' perfect poem "The Passions" till you get the transition in tone, from passion to passion, faultless.

THE PASSIONS.

William Collins.

When Music, (heavenly maid !) was young, ere yet in earliest Greece she sung, the Passions oft, to hear her shell, thronged around her magic cell: exulting,—trembling;—raging,—fainting;—possessed, beyond the

Muse's painting. By turns, they felt the glowing mind disturbed,—delighted,—raised,—refined; till once, 'tis said, when all were fired, filled with fury, rapt, inspired, from the supporting myrtles round they snatched her instruments of sound; and as they oft had heard, apart, sweet lessons of her forceful art, each—for madness ruled the hour—would prove his own expressive power.

First, *Fear*—his hand, its skill to try, amid the chords bewildered laid—and back recoiled—he knew not why:—even at the sound himself had made!

Next *Anger* rushed, his eyes on fire: in lightnings owned his secret stings; with one rude clash he struck the lyre, and swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woeful measures, wan *Despair*:—low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled; a solemn, strange, and mingled air; 'twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, *O Hope!* with eyes so fair, what was thy delighted measure? Still it whispered promised pleasure, and bade the lovely scenes at distance "Hail!" Still would her touch the strain prolong; and, from the rocks, the woods, the vale, she called on "Echo," still, through all her song; and, where her sweetest theme she chose, a soft, responsive voice was heard at every close!—and Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair!

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown, *Revenge* impatient rose: he threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down; and with a withering look, the war-denouncing trumpet took, and blew a blast—so loud and dread, were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe: and ever and anon, he beat the doubling drum, with furious heat. And though sometimes, each dreary pause between, dejected *Pity*, at his side, her soul-subduing voice applied, yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien; while each strained ball of sight—seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, *Jealousy*, to nought were fixed; sad proof of thy distressful state! Of differing themes the veering song was mixed; and now, it courted Love—now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired, pale *Melancholy* sat retired; and from her wild, sequestered seat, in notes by distance made more sweet, poured, through the mellow horn, her pensive soul: and, dashing soft, from rocks around, bubbling runnels joined the sound. Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole; or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,—round a holy calm diffusing, love of peace and lonely musing,—in hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone, when *Cheerfulness*—a nymph of healthiest hue,—her bow across her shoulder flung, her buskins gemmed with morning dew,—blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung; the hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known. The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen, Satyrs, and Sylvan Boys were seen peeping from forth their alleys green: brown "Exercise" rejoiced to hear; and "Sport" leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last, came *Joy's* ecstatic trial; he, with viny crown advancing, first to the lively pipe his hand addressed; but soon he saw the brisk awakening viol, whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best. They would have

thought who heard the strain, they saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids, amid the festal-sounding shades to some unwearied minstrel dancing; while, as his flying fingers kissed the strings, *Love* framed, with *Mirth*, a gay, fantastic round;—loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;—and he, amidst his frolic play, as if he would the charming air repay, shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

XX. 3. TIME, or the rate of utterance, may fall into many degrees, but the three degrees of *slow*, *moderate*, and *quick* time will serve our purpose. Little more can be said to the reader, on this subject, than that the rate of speaking must in all cases be governed by the spirit of the composition.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TIME.	{	1. SLOW.—	“Slowly in all his splendours dight, The great sun rises to behold the sight.” <i>The Building of the Ship.</i>
		2. MODERATE.—	“The Fathers of the city They sat all night and day.”— <i>Horatius.</i>
		3. QUICK.—	“With one rude clasp he struck the lyre, And swept with hurried hands the strings.” <i>The Passions.</i>

A keen perception of the opportunities of time-variation is a rare gift in a public reader. The truly sensitive reader sees innumerable chances for fine shades of time-change, and so frees himself and his hearers from fatigue and a sense of monotony. Much thought and experiment are necessary before success is attained.

XXI. 4. PITCH.—We speak of a *low*, a *medium*, and a *high* pitch of voice.

By a low pitch and a high, we mean those that can be produced *easily*, and, if need be, sustained.

The middle or conversational pitch should be that part of the voice naturally strongest. All parts of the voice may be beneficially exercised, but it is of moment that we cultivate that register of voice peculiarly ours by nature.

EXAMPLES.	{	1. HIGH.—	“The quality of mercy is not strained.”
		2. MIDDLE.—	“I am armed and well prepared.”
		3. LOW.—	“I have possessed your grace of what I purpose.”— <i>The Merchant of Venice.</i>

XXII. PARENTHESIS.—

“And where thou now exacts the pen^alty (which is a pound of this poor merchant’s f^esh), thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,” &c.

The word immediately *preceding* the parenthesis, and the *last word* of the *parenthesis*, take the upward inflexion; the voice sinks a tone for the early part of the parenthesis, and has quicker movement than for the rest of the sentence. It is admissible (and some prefer) to *raise* the voice a tone for the parenthesis instead of lowering it; in that case the inflexions alter thus,—

“ . . . pen^alty (. f^esh) ”

Either way is natural, and in selections containing many parentheses it is best to vary the treatment. Hood’s amusing medley, “A Parental Ode to my Son,” is the happiest parenthesis-exercise in literature. Mark the inflexions for yourselves, and give special prominence to the *last word* of each parenthesis.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON.

Thomas Hood.

THOU happy, happy elf! (but stop,—first let me kiss away that *tear*!)—thou tiny image of myself! (my love, he’s poking peas into his *ear*!) thou merry, laughing sprite! with spirits feather-light, untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—(good heavens! the child is swallowing a *pin*!) Thou little tricky Puck! with antic toys so funnily bestruck, light as the singing-bird that wings the air—(the door! the door! he’ll tumble down the *stair*!) thou darling of thy sire! (why, Jane, he’ll set his pinafore *a-fire*!) thou imp of mirth and joy! in love’s dear chain so strong and bright a link, thou idol of thy parents—(drat the boy! there goes my *ink*!) Thou cherub—but of earth; fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale, in harmless sport and mirth (that dog will bite him, if he pulls its *tail*!) Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey from every blossom in the world that blows, singing in youth’s Elysium ever sunny (another tumble! that’s his precious *nose*!) Thy father’s pride and hope! (he’ll break the mirror with that *skipping-rope*!) with pure heart newly stamped from Nature’s mint—(where *did* he learn that *squint*?) Thou young domestic dove! (he’ll have that jug off, with another *shove*!) dear nursing of the hymeneal nest! (are those torn clothes his *best*?) little

epitome of man ! (he'll climb the table, that's his *plan* !) touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—(he's got a *knife* !) Thou enviable being ! no storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing ! play on, play on, my elfin John ! toss the light ball—bestride the stick—(I knew so many cakes would make him *sick* !) With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down, prompting the face grotesque and antic brisk, with many a lamb-like frisk (he's got the scissors, snipping at your *gown* !) Thou pretty opening rose ! (go to your mother, child, and wipe your *nose* !) balmy and breathing music like the South (he really brings my heart into my *mouth* !) fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—(I wish that window had an iron *bar* !) Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—(I tell you what, my love, I cannot write unless he's sent ABOVE !)

XXIII. SERIES OF WORDS AND PHRASES.—Words are subject to the same rules as phrases.

(a) Three *words* or three *phrases* have the *upward* inflexion on the first and third, with a *falling inflexion* of the *same length* on the second.

EXAMPLE : (1) Words—Good, Better, Best.

„ (2) Phrases—

“My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity.”

(b) A series of *four words* or *four phrases* are usually inflected as two separate pairs would be—thus

EXAMPLES. (1.) “The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all, ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.”

„ (2.) “We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne.”

XXIV. SIMPLE ANTITHESIS.—The rule is that words or phrases in *opposition* require *opposite inflexions*.

- EXAMPLES. (1.) "Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them."
 „ (2.) "This was your husband : here is your husband."
 „ (3.) (Phrases) "Never here, forever there."
 „ (4.) "The grappling vigour and rough frown of war is cold
 in amity and painted peace."

XXV. THE HALT, or suggestive pause.—When skilfully managed, a pause of this kind is very effective, but it can be called little else than a subtle trick of elocution.

- EXAMPLES. (1.) "Rashly importunate, gone to . . . ? . . . her death."
 (2.) "How that red rain hath . . . ? . . . made the harvest grow."
 (3.) "He finds his fellow guilty of . . . ? . . . a skin not coloured like his own."

XXVI. THE CLIMAX.—In the three examples following, the voice steps up, as it were, till the summit of the sentence is reached. Always arrange to be on a sufficiently low pitch before you commence an important expanding climax.

- (1.) " . . . But, were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."—*Shakspeare*.

- (2.) "That principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish—that principle which makes it base for a man to suffer, when he ought to act—which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race."—*Sheridan*.
- (3.) "And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd."—*Macaulay*.

GESTURE.

XXVII. Any attempt to fully explain the principles of gesture without actual demonstration would be futile. A *living* instructor of taste and experience will be of far greater service than books. A general consideration of the subject may, however, aid those who are out of the reach of tutors.

Almost all literature, to be naturally recited, requires the accompaniment of gesture, with this restriction, that the movement shall in some way *assist* and not overwhelm the sense. Indiscriminate gesture, obviously used for display, is a lamentable degradation of art; suited to the pantomimic actor, but utterly unworthy an exponent of the world's master minds.

The gesture to be acquired is elegant and appropriate, not angular and accidental.

Graceful movement depends upon,—

- (a) The arms being extended from the *shoulder first*, and not the elbow.
- (b) The hands depending loosely from the wrists till full extension of the arms.
- (c) The fingers being shaped and moved with a definite purpose.
- (d) The outward bending of the elbows (on the return of the arms) to allow an easy curve to the position of repose.

VOCAL EXERCISES.

XXVIII. VOICE DEVELOPMENT :

(1) *Breathing Exercise.* Take a deep breath : count aloud up to 30 at moderate speed, controlling the emission of breath by the lower chest muscles. Practise for 15 minutes daily, gradually increasing the number till you can easily count 80. Or, by way of change, speak these two verses slowly in one breath.

“The shades of night were falling fast,
As, through an Alpine village, passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
“Excelsior !”

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
“Excelsior !”

(2) (a) Sing up the scale, in the lowest part of the voice, say from
C : KOO, KOO, KOO, KOO, KOO.

Sing in the middle voice, say from G : AH, AH, AH, AH, AH.

Sing in the highest voice, say from E : AI, AI, AI, AI, AI.

(b) Now sing : OO, OO, OO, O, O : AH, AH, AH, AH, AH :
EE, EE, EE, EE, EE.

Take a short breath for each tone.

The mouth should be well opened, and the tongue kept almost flat, the tip touching the lower teeth inside.

Throw the voice well forward.

XXIX. ELOCUTIONARY.

3) The SIBILANT, S. Practise the following—

(1) “He is a very serpent in my way.”

(2) “Would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?”

(3) “So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
To do your grace incessant services.”

(*Shakspeare.*)

- (4) The LABIALS : P. Praise, pabulum, patter, pepper, penny, pester.
B. Beauty, bonny, bright, breast, beat, bend.
M. Member, much, mentor, might, mystic.
- (5) SYLLABIFICATION : intercommunicability, incomprehensibility, latitudinarianism, transcendentalism, transubstantiation.

XXX. THE OROTUND, OR ROUND FULL VOICE, is produced in the high arch of the mouth, close by the soft palate : it is most suitable for dignified and impressive poetry and eloquence, and should be cultivated by every ambitious reader.

- EXAMPLES. (A) "Danger knows full well that Cæsar is more dangerous than he."
(B) "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruits of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into this world . . . sing heavenly Muse."
(C) "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit—shall dissolve."

A word, in conclusion, with regard to the readings and recitations that make up the second half of this volume. Farther than grouping them in their natural order, no explanations or marks have been added to assist the reader, as the plan and illustrations given in Part I. will make clear the method of interpretation to be pursued.

All the selections have literary merit and fitness for popular uses, but the scenes from Shakspeare's plays are unquestionably best adapted, in every way, to the needs of beginners. They are the richest exercises for mind, memory, and voice, even if the depths of the Dramatist's purposes cannot always be fathomed at first.

Several poems appear here in prose form, to quicken the elementary student's apprehension of the sense, and to free him from, or help him to escape, that sing-song style so often induced by rhyme.

PART IV.—SELECTIONS.

(A) DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

Othello.

ACT. I., SCENE III.—A COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Duke. Write from us : wish him post-post-haste : despatch.*1st Sen.* Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.*Enter* BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior ;

[*To Brabantio.*]

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours : Good your grace, pardon me ;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed ; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me ; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.*Duke.* Why, what's the matter ?*Bra.* My daughter ! O, my daughter !*Sen.* Dead ?*Bra.* Ay, to me.She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks.
For nature so preposterously to err,

Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft, could not——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs
Hath hither brought.

Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What in your own part can you say to this ?

[*To Othello.*

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent,—no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself : Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold ;
Of spirits so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself. And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,—
To fall in love with what she feared to look on ?

It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why should this be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof ;
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1st Sen. But, Othello, speak ;—
Did you by indirect or forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father :
If you do find me foul on her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the place—
[*Exeunt Iago, and Attendants.*

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,

Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history ;
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently. I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs ;
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man : she thanked me ;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake ;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had passed ;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

The Merchant of Venice.

SCENE—VENICE. A COURT OF JUSTICE.

Duke. What, is Antonio here ?*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.*Duke.* I am sorry for thee : thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.*Ant.* I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.*Solan.* He is ready at the door : he comes, my lord.*Enter SHYLOCK.**Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.*Shy.* I have possessed your grace of what I purpose ;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that ;
But say it is my humour : is it answered ?*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What! would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats, here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Solan. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Enter NERISSA.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

[*Presenting a letter.*]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court.

Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,

To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart.—Some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.

Enter PORTIA.

Give me your hand : Came you from old Bellario ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger, do you not ? [*To Antonio.*]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,

Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes

The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptr'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart ;
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority ;
To do a great right do a little wrong ;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :
'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
 Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful :
 Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
 It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
 You know the law, your exposition
 Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
 Proceed to judgment :—by my soul, I swear
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
 To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is :
 You must prepare your bosom for his knife—

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
 Hath full relation to the penalty,
 Which here appeareth due upon the bond—

Shy. 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge !
 How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast :
 So says the bond ;—doth it not, noble judge ?—
 “Nearest his heart :” those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
 The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
 To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so expressed : but what of that ?
 'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say ?

Ant. But little : I am armed and well prepared.—
 Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well !
 Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom : it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife :
Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love :
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. [*Aside.*] These be the Christian husbands ! I have a
daughter ;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !

[*Aloud.*] We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine ;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew ; O learned judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shall see the act ;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge !—Mark, Jew ;—a learned judge !

Shy. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft ;

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft ;—no haste ;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge.

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple : nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel ! a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court :
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew :

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself :
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state,—not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house : you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for Heaven's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;
I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter :
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this ; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence ;
I am not well : send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers :
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon :
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied ;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,

And therein do account myself well paid :
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again :
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Julius Cæsar.

ACT II., SC. II.—A ROOM IN CÆSAR'S HOUSE.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night :
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
“Help, ho ! they murder Cæsar !” Who’s within ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord ?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinion of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar ? think you to walk forth ?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : the things that threatened me
Ne’er looked but on my back : when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves hath yawned, and yielded up their dead :
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! good morrow, worthy Cæsar :
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,

To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day : tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth ?—
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will : I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia, here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it :
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;
And know it now : the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
“Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.”

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper

"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this;

And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go.—

Julius Cæsar.

ACT III., SC. II.—ROME: THE FORUM.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here.

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

1st Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

2nd Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]

3rd Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to

live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1st Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2nd Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3rd Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

4th Cit. Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crowned in Brutus.

5th Cit. We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2nd Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1st Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone;

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1st Cit. Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3rd Cit. Let him go up into the public chair ;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholding to you.

[*Goes into the pulpit.*

4th Cit. What does he say of Brutus ?

3rd Cit.

He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4th Cit. 'Twere best to speak no harm of Brutus here.

1st Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3rd Cit. Nay, that's certain :

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2nd Cit. Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens.

Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones :

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men,)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1st Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2nd Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3rd Cit. Has he, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4th Cit. Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the
crown ;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1st Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2nd Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3rd Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4th Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men :

I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,

I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4th Cit. We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4th Cit. Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;
 You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it :
 I fear I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

4th Cit. They were traitors : honourable men !

Citizens. The will ! the testament !

2nd Cit. They were villians, murderers : the will ! read the

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will ? [will.
 Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

Citizens. Come down.

2nd Cit. Descend.

3rd Cit. You shall have leave. [Antony comes down.

4th Cit. A ring ; stand round.

1st Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2nd Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony !

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back ; room : bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii :—
 Look, in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :

See what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd ;
And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1st Cit. O piteous spectacle !

2nd Cit. O noble Cæsar !

3rd Cit. O woful day !

4th Cit. O traitors, villains !

1st Cit. O most bloody sight !

2nd Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill ! Slay !
Let not a traitor live !

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit. Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.

2nd Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable ;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him :
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1st Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3rd Cit. Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?
Alas ! you know not ;—I must tell you then :—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true ; the will :—let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas,

2nd Cit. Most noble Cæsar !—we'll revenge his death.

3rd Cit. O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar : When comes such another ?

1st Cit. Never, never :—Come ; away, away ;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2nd Cit. Go, fetch fire.

3rd Cit. Pluck down benches.

4th Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work : Mischief, thou art afoot ;
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Julius Cæsar.

ACT IV., SCENE III.—NEAR SARDIS. BRUTUS'S TENT.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this :
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember :
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 For so much trash as may be graspèd thus ?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon
 Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
 I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
 Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ! aye, more : fret till your proud heart break ;
 Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
 Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier :
 Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well : for mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me Brutus ;
 I said an elder soldier, not a better :
 Did I say " better ? "

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—

For I can raise no money by vile means :

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection ; I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts !—

Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool that brought

My answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is a-weary of the world ;—

Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be honour.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus,—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Macbeth.

ACT III., SCENE I.—FORRES. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd ; and I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't : yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity ;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? But, hush, no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King ; LADY MACBETH,
as Queen ; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me : to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : but of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.—

[*Exit Banquo.*]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night : to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you !

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, etc.*]

Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men
Our pleasure ?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.— [Exit Attendant.

To be thus is nothing ;

But to be safely thus :—our fears in Banquo
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd : 'tis much he dares ;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear : and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings :
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind ;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance !—Who's there ?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

1st Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self : this I made good to you
In our last conference ; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand ; how cross'd ; the instruments ;
Who wrought with them ; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1st Mur.

You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so ; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go ? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever ?

1st Mur.

We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs : the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill

That writes them all alike : and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not in the worst rank of manhood, say 't ;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms
 Whose execution takes your enemy off ;
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wears our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

2nd Mur. I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
 I do, to spite the world.

1st Mur. And I another,
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
 Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2nd Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine ; and in such bloody distance,
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life : And though I could
 With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is
 That I to your assistance do make love ;
 Masking the business from the common eye,
 For sundry weighty reasons.

2nd Mur. We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

1st Mur. Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour,
 at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
 The moment on 't ; for 't must be done to-night.
 And something from the palace ; always thought
 That I require a clearness : And with him,

(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,) Fleance his son that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;
I 'll come to you anon.

2nd Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Mach. I 'll call upon you straight ; abide within.
It is concluded :—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

King Henry the Fourth.

ACT II., SCENE IV.

Prince H. Welcome, Jack : where hast thou been ?

Falstaff. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too ! Marry, and amen ! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards ! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant ?

Prince H. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter ? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun ! If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Falstaff. You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too !—there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man ; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it : a villainous coward ! Go thy ways, old Jack ; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat and grows old. A bad world I say !—I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince H. How now, woosack ! what mutter you ?

Falstaff. A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects before me like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales !

Prince H. Why, what's the matter ?

Falstaff. Are you not a coward ? Answer me to that.

Prince H. Why, ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Falstaff. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. Give me—a cup of sack;—I'm a rogue if I have drunk to-day.

Prince H. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drank'st last.

Falstaff. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince H. What's the matter?

Falstaff. What's the matter! There be four of us have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

Prince H. Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

Falstaff. Where is it! Taken from us it is: a hundred upon four of us.

Prince H. What! a hundred, man?

Falstaff. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them, two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man! All would not do. A plague of all cowards!

Prince H. Speak, Jack; how was it?

Falstaff. Four of us set upon some dozen, and bound them—every man of them; and as we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, and unbound the rest; and then came in the others.

Prince H. What! fought ye with them all?

Falstaff. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three-and-fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince H. I pray, you have not murdered some of them?

Falstaff. Nay, that's past praying for! I have peppered two of them;—two, I am sure I have paid—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit

in my face—call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward :—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

Prince H. What! four? Thou said'st but two, even now.

Falstaff. Four, Hal; I told thee, four. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince H. Seven? Why, there were but four, even now.

Falstaff. In buckram?

Prince H. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Falstaff. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince H. Ay, and mark thee too.

Falstaff. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of——

Prince H. So, two more already! (*aside.*)

Falstaff. Their points being broken, they began to give me ground; but I followed them close; came in, foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince H. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Falstaff. But, as bad luck would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal Green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for, it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince H. These lies are like the father that begets them—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brained and knotty-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech——

Falstaff. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

Prince H. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green when “it was so dark, thou couldst not see thy hand”? Come, tell us your reason. What say'st thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff. What! upon compulsion? No! were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you upon compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion, I!

Prince H. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. Thou san-

guine coward, thou bed-presser, thou horse-back-breaker, thou huge hill of flesh——

Falstaff. Away! you starveling—you eel-skin—you dried neat's tongue—you stock-fish!—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard—you sheath—you bow-case—you vile standing tuck——

Prince H. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this: Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your mountain sides away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Falstaff. Ha! ha! ha! I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; myself for a valiant lion, and thee for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money.—Clap to the doors:—watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince H. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Falstaff. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me!

Henry VIII.

ACT III., SCENE II.

Enter to WOLSEY, the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, cardinal; who commands
To render up the great seal presently [you

Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol.

Stay :

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty

Suf.

Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,
(I mean your malice), know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy :
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin !
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me ;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patent :—now, who'll take it ?

Sur. The king, that gave it,

Wol.

It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol.

Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur.

Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts : how innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour ;
 That, in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
 Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou should'st feel
 My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
 And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets
 You writ to the pope against the king : your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
 My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life :—

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
 But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hands ;
 But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
 And spotless shall mine innocence arise,

When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :

I thank my memory I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maimed the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection :—this is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare-you-well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all except Wolsey.*]

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours :
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learnèd man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them.
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed !

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,

Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Crom-
The king has gone beyond me : all my glories [well,
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : seek the king ;
(That sun, I pray, may never set !) I have told him
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble and so true a master ?—
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,—
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O, Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
 And,—prithee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ; my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*

As you like it.

ACT III., SCENE II.—THE FOREST.

Ros. [*Aside to CÉLIA.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. [*To him.*] Do you hear, forester ?

Orl. Very well : what would you ?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock ?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day : there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest ! else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time ? had not that been as proper ?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons : I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal ?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal ?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain : the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning ; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury : these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal ?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows ; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal ?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest, like a fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you a native of this place ?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so by many : but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women ?

Ros. There were none principal : they were all like one another, as half-pence are ; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks ; hangs

odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of "Rosalind" : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked : I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks ?

Ros. A lean cheek ; which you have not ; a blue eye, and sunken ; which you have not ; an unquestionable spirit ; which you have not ; a beard neglected ; which you have not ;—but I pardon you for that ; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue :—then, your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man ; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it ! you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does : that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so ?

Ros. Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be

effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking ; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles : for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour : would now like him, now loathe him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness ; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cot, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will : tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you : and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go ?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.

[*Exeunt.*]

Hamlet.

ACT III., SCENE I.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, (and as I may say), whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O ! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow, tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod : pray you avoid it.

1st Play. I warrant, your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1st Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O! reform it altogether. And let those that play your clown, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too! though in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiable ambition in the fool that uses it. [Exit.

Hamlet.

ACT II., SCENE II.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Pol. How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, heav'n-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then, I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: friend, look to't.

Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of which, sir, (though I most powerfully and potently believe,) yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.
[*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting, between him and my daughter. My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

[*Exit.*

Pol. [*Without*] You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. Heav'n save you, sir!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Mine honor'd lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? What news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me: come, come—nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent or no?

Ros. [*Aside to Guildenstern*] What say you?

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you. [*Aside*] If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises, and indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most

excellent canopy, the air—look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man ! How noble his reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! The beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? Man delights not me ; no, nor woman neither.

Richard III.

ACT IV., SCENE II.—A ROOM OF STATE IN THE PALACE.

RICHARD, *as King, upon his throne* ; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a Page, and others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham !

Buck. My gracious sovereign ?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice, And thy assistance, is King Richard seated : But shall we wear these glories for a day ? Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last !

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch, To try if thou be current gold indeed : Young Edward lives ;—think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so :—but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence, That Edward still should live—'true, noble prince !'—Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull : Shall I be plain ? I wish the princes dead ; And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly ; be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes : Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve you herein presently. [*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Cates. The king is angry, see, he gnaws his lip. [*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[*Descends from his throne.*

And unrespective boys : none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes :
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy !

Page. My lord ?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt into a close exploit of death ?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit :
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. Rich. What is his name ?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man : go, call him hither, boy.
[*Exit* Page.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath ?—well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley ! what's the news ?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby : rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick ;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean, poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter ;
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st !—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die :
About it ; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass :
Murder her brothers, and then marry her !
Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin :
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed ?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr. Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it : two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon :
Tyrrel, I mean those princes in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,
Tyrrel :

Go, by this token : rise, and lend thine ear : [*Whispers.*

There is no more but so : say, it is done,

And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son :—well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd :
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife : if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request ?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps——

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom—

K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

Exeunt KING RICHARD and train.

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!

[*Exit.*]

King John.

ACT IV., SCENE I.—NORTHAMPTON. A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.
HUBERT and ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks no body should be sad but I :

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long ;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me :

He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?

No, indeed, is 't not ; and I would to Heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :

Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you :

I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur.— [*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum !

Turning spiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—

Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)

And I did never ask it you again ;

And with my hand at midnight held your head,

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, *What lack you ? and Where lies your grief ?*
Or, *What good love may I perform for you ?*
Many a poor man's son would have lien still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning : do, an if you will.
If Heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes ?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah ! none, but in this iron age, would do it.
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him ; no tongue but Hubert's—

Hub. Come forth.

[*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O ! save me Hubert, save me ? my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas ! what need you be so boisterous-rough ?
I will not struggle ; I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
Nay, hear me, Hubert : drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within : let me alone with him.

1st Atten. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants*]

Arth. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend !

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart,
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven ! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes ;
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert :
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ! spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo ! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
(Being create for comfort,) to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes : see else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert ;
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong

Deny their office : only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O ! now you look like Hubert : all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven ! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ! no more. Go closely in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SOLILOQUIES AND SPEECHES.

Queen Mab.

O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinner's legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash of film :
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid :

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner Squirrel, or old Grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers,
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson as he lies asleep—
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five-fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again.

Gloster's Soliloquy.

Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
 And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings ;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
 And now,—instead of mounting barbèd steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of features by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity :
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And, if king Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says, that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
He cannot live, I hope, and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in !
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband, and her father :
The which will I ; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market :
Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and reigns :
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

Henry V.

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

What's he that wishes men from England ? you, cousin Westmoreland ?—No, my fair cousin : if we are marked to die, we are enough to do our country loss ; and if to live, the fewer men, the greater share of honour. I pray thee, cousin, wish not one man more. By Jove, I am not covetous for gold : nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ; it yearns me not, if men my garments wear ; such outward things dwell not in my desires ! But, if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive. No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England : I would not lose so great an honour, as one man more, methinks would share from me, for the best hope I have ! Oh do not wish one more : rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host, that he who hath no stomach to this fight may straight depart : his passport shall be made, and crowns of convoy put into his purse : we would not die in that man's company, that fears his fellowship to die with us. This day is call'd the feast of Crispian : he that outlives this day, and comes safe home, will stand a tip-toe when this day is named, and rouse him at the name of Crispian : he that shall live this day, and see old age, will yearly on the vigil feast his friends, and say—"To-morrow is Saint Crispian : " then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars and say,—“These wounds I had on Crispin's day.” Old men forget ; yet shall not all forget, but they'll remember with advantages, what feats they did that day. Then shall our names, familiar in their mouths as household words, Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter, Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury, and Gloster, be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd : this story shall the good man teach his son ; and Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by from this day to the ending of the

world, but we in it shall be remembered: we few, we happy few, we band of brothers; for he to-day that sheds his blood with me, shall be my brother! be he ne'er so vile, this day shall gentle his condition: and gentlemen in England now a-bed, shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here! and hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks that fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day. All things are ready if our minds be so. You know your places: God be with you all!

MISCELLANEOUS DIALOGUES.

The Honeymoon.

Two Speakers: The DUKE and JULIANA.

Duke. You are welcome home.

Juli. Home? you are merry; this retired spot
Would be a palace for an owl!

Duke. 'Tis ours.

Juli. Ay, for the time we stay in it.

Duke. By heaven,
This is the noble mansion that I spoke of.

Juli. This?—you are not in earnest, though you bear it
With such a sober brow. Come, come, you jest.

Duke. Indeed I jest not; were it ours in jest,
We should have none, wife.

Juli. Are you serious, Sir?

Duke. I swear, as I'm your husband, and no Duke.

Juli. No Duke?

Duke. But of my own creation, lady.

Juli. Am I betray'd? Nay, do not play the fool!
It is too keen a joke.

Duke. You'll find it true.

Juli. You are no Duke, then?

Duke. None.

Juli. [Aside.] Have I been cozen'd?

[*Aloud.*] And have you no estate, Sir?

No palaces, nor houses?

Duke. None but this—

A small snug dwelling, and in good repair.

Juli. Nor money, nor effects?

Duke. None, that I know of.

Juli. And the attendants who have waited on us—

Duke. They were my friends; who, having done my business, Are gone about their own.

Juli. [*Aside.*] Why then, 'tis clear.

That I was ever born! [*Aloud.*] What are you, Sir?

Duke. I am an honest man—that may content you : Young, nor ill-favoured. Should not that content you, I am your husband, and that must content you.

Juli. I will go home! (*going*)

Duke. (*staying her*) You are at home already.

Juli. I'll not endure it! But remember this— Duke or no Duke, I'll be a Duchess, Sir!

Duke. A Duchess? you shall be a Queen—to all Who, of their courtesy, will call you so.

Juli. And I will have attendance!

Duke. So you shall, When you have learnt to wait upon yourself.

Juli. To wait upon myself? Must I bear this? I could tear out my eyes that bade you woo me, And bite my tongue in two for saying, Yes!

Duke. And if you should, 'twould grow again. I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife (For such, my would-be Duchess, you will find me) You were cut out by nature.

Juli. You will find, then, That education, Sir, has spoilt me for it.

Why, do you think I'll work?

Duke. I think 'twill happen, wife.

Juli. What, rub and scrub Your noble palace clean?

Duke. Those taper fingers Will do it daintily.

Juli. And dress your victuals (If there be any)?—Oh, I could go mad!

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.

Juli. Well, if I may not travel to my father,
I may write to him, surely!—and I will,
If I can meet within your spacious dukedom
Three such unhop'd for miracles at once
As pens, and ink, and paper.

Duke. You will find them
In the next room. A word before you go.
You are my wife, by ev'ry tie that's sacred ;
The partner of my fortune——

Juli. (sneeringly) Your fortune !

Duke. Peace ! no fooling, idle woman.
Beneath th' attesting eye of heav'n I've sworn
To honour, cherish, and protect you.
No human power can part us. What remains, then ?
To fret, and worry, and torment each other,
And give a keener edge to our hard fate
By sharp upbraidings and perpetual jars ?
Or, like a loving and a patient pair
(Wak'd from a dream of grandeur to depend
Upon their daily labour for support),
To soothe the taste of fortune's lowness
With sweet consent and mutual fond endearment ?
Now to your chamber—write whate'er you please,
But pause before you stain the spotless paper
With words that may inflame, but cannot heal !

Juli. Why, what a patient worm you take me for !

Duke. I took you for a wife ; and, ere I've done,
I'll know you for a good one.

Juli. You shall know me
For a right woman, full of her own sex ;
Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak her wrongs ;
Who feels her own prerogative, and scorns
By the proud reason of superior man
To be taught patience, when her swelling heart
Cries out revenge !

The School for Scandal.

Two Speakers : SIR PETER and LADY TEAZLE.

Sir P. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now above six months since my Lady Teazle made me "the happiest of men," and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiffed a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells were done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon; and had lost every satisfaction in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. And yet I chose with caution a girl bred wholly in the country, who had never known luxury beyond one silk gown, or dissipation beyond the annual gala of a race-ball. Yet now, she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the town, with as good a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square. I am sneered at by all my acquaintance—paragraphed in the newspapers—she dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours. And yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this—but I am determined never to let her know it.—No, no, no! Oh, here she comes. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I won't bear it.

Lady T. Very well, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, just as you please; but I know I ought to have my own way in everything; and what's more, I will.

Sir P. What, madam! is there no respect due to the authority of a husband?

Lady T. Why, don't I know that no woman of fashion does as she is bid after her marriage? Though I was bred in the country, I'm no stranger to that. If you wanted me to be obedient, you should have adopted me, and not married me—I'm sure you are old enough.

Sir P. Ay, there it is!—Oons, madam, what right have you to run into all this extravagance?

Lady T. I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of quality ought to be.

Sir P. 'Slife, madam, I'll have no more sums squandered away upon such unmeaning luxuries: you have as many flowers in your dressing-room as would turn the Pantheon into a green-house, or make a fête champetre at a masquerade.

Lady T. O, Sir Peter, how can you be so angry at my little elegant expenses?

Sir P. Had you any of those little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Very true, indeed; and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again!

Sir P. Very well, very well, madam! You have entirely forgot what your situation was when I first saw you.

Lady T. No, no, I have not; a very disagreeable situation it was, or I'm sure I never would have married you.

Sir P. You forget the humble state I took you from—the daughter of a poor country squire. When I came to your father's, I found you sitting at your tambour, in a linen gown, a bunch of keys at your side, and your hair combed smoothly over a roll.

Lady T. Yes, I remember very well;—my daily occupations were, to overlook the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Oh! I am so glad to find you have so good a recollection.

Lady T. My evening employments were to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; play at Pope Joan with the curate; read a sermon to my aunt Deborah; or perhaps be stuck up at an old spinet, and thrum my father to sleep after a foxchase.

Sir P. Then you were glad to take a ride out behind the butler upon the old docked coach-horse.

Lady T. No, no, I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. I say you did. This *was* your situation.—Now madam, you must have your coach, vis-a-vis, and three powdered footmen to walk before your chair; and in summer, two white cats, to draw you to Kensington Gardens: and, instead of our living in that hole in the country, I have brought you home here, made a woman of fortune of you, a woman of quality—in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well! and there is but one thing more you can now add to the obligation; and that is——

Sir P. To make you my widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem!——

Sir P. Very well, madam ; very well ; I am much obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Why, then, will you force me to say shocking things to you ? But now we have finished our morning conversation, I want you to be in a monstrous good humour ; come, do be good-humoured, and let me have two hundred pounds.

Sir P. What ! can't I be in a good humour without paying for it ?—but look always thus, and you shall want for nothing. [*Pulls out a pocket-book,*]—There, there are two hundred pounds for you. [*Going to kiss her.*] Now seal my bond for payment.

Lady T. No ; my note of hand will do as well. [*Giving her hand.*]

Sir P. Well, well, I must be satisfied with that—You sha'n't much longer reproach me for not having made a proper settlement—I intend shortly to surprise you.

Lady T. Do you ? you can't think, Sir Peter, how good humour becomes you : now you look just as you did before I married you.

Sir P. Do I indeed ?

Lady T. Don't you remember, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and asked me if I could like an old fellow, who would deny me nothing ?

Sir P. Ay ! and you were so attentive and obliging to me then !

Lady T. To be sure I was, and used to take your part against all my acquaintance ; and when my cousin Sophy used to laugh at me, for thinking of marrying a man old enough to be my father, and call you an ugly, stiff, formal, old bachelor, I contradicted her, and said, I did not think you so ugly by any means, and that I dared say you would make a good sort of a husband.

Sir P. That was very kind of you.—Well, and you were not mistaken ; you have found it so, have you not ?—But shall we always live thus happy ?

Lady T. With all my heart—I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling—provided you will own you are tired first.

Sir P. With all my heart.

Lady T. Then we shall be as happy as the day is long, and never, never—never quarrel more.

Sir P. Never—never—never, never!—and let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. Ay!

Sir P. But, my dear Lady Teazle!—my love!—indeed you must keep a strict watch over your temper—for, you know, my dear, that in all our disputes and quarrels, you always begin first.

Lady T. No, no,—Sir Peter, my dear, 'tis always you that begin.

Sir P. No, no,—no such thing.

Lady T. Have a care, this is not the way to live happy, if you fly out thus.

Sir P. Madam! I say 'tis you.

Lady P. I never saw such a man in my life—just what my cousin Sophy told me.

Sir P. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, saucy, impertinent minx!

Lady T. You are a very great bear, I am sure, to abuse my relations!

Sir P. But I am very well served for marrying you—a pert, forward, rural coquette; who had refused half the honest squires in the country.

Lady T. I am sure I was a great fool for marrying you—a stiff, cross, dangling old bachelor, who was unmarried at fifty because nobody would have him.

Sir P. You were very glad to have me—you never had such an offer.

Lady T. Oh, yes I had—there was Sir Tivey Terrier, who everybody said would be a better match; for his estate was full as good as yours, and—he has broke his neck since we were married.

Sir P. Very well—very well, madam!—you're an ungrateful woman; and may plagues light on me, if I ever try to be friends with you again—you shall have a separate maintenance!

Lady T. By all means, a separate maintenance.

Sir P. Very well, madam!—Oh, very well! Ay, madam, and I'll have a divorce, madam. I'll make example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady T. Well, Sir Peter, I see you are going to be in a passion, so I'll leave you; and when you are come properly to your temper, we shall be the happiest couple in the world, and never—never—quarrel more! Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit Lady Teazle.*]

Sir P. So! I have got much by my intended expostulation.—What a charming air she has!—and how pleasingly she shows her contempt of my authority!—Well, though I can't make her love me, 'tis some pleasure to tease her a little; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing every thing to vex and plague me.

She Stoops to Conquer.

Three Speakers: HARDCASTLE, MARLOW, and HASTINGS.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? (*Mar. advances.*) Sir, you are heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire! I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate; I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To Hard.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To Hast.*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, you're right; the first blow is half the battle. We must, however, open the campaign.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. We must shew our generalship by securing, if necessary, a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Mar. Ay, and we'll summon your garrison, old boy.

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Hast. Marlow, what's o'clock?

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Mar. Five minutes to seven.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—You must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So——

Mar. What? My good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir!—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. (*Aside.*)

Mar. Yes, sir, punch! A glass of warm punch after our journey will be comfortable.

Enter Servant, with a tankard.

This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. (*Aside to Hast.*)

Hard. (*Taking the cup.*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. (*Drinks, and gives the cup to Marlow.*)

Mar. A very impudent fellow this; but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. (*Aside.*) Sir, my service to you.

Hast. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman. (*Aside.*)

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose. (*Gives the tankard to Hardcastle.*)

Hard. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale. (*Gives the tankard to Hastings.*)

Hast. So, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out, than I do about John Nokes or Tom Stiles. So my service to you.

Hast. So that, with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Mar. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-Hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentlemen, that and a little philosophy.

Mar. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an inn-keeper's philosophy. (*Aside.*)

Hast. So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. (*Drinks.*)

Hard. Good, very good; thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir? Was ever such a request to a man in his own house? (*Aside.*)

Mar. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*Aside.*) Why, really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hard. Oh! no, sir, none in the least: yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder, then. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. (*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way, too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it. (*Servant brings in the bill of fare, and exit.*)

Hast. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. (*Aside.*) But let's hear the bill of fare.

Mar. (*Perusing.*) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert.—— Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. (*Reading.*) For the first course: at the top, a pig and prune sauce.

Mar. Hang your pig, say I.

Mar. And hang your prune sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with prune sauce is very good eating.—Their impudence confounds me. (*Aside.*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Item: a pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a

florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

Hast. Confound your made dishes ! I shall be as much at a loss in this house, as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like ; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to——

Mar. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper : and now to see that our beds are aired and properly taken care of.

Hard. I intreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you ! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it. A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. (*Aside.*)

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least, to attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like an old-fashioned impudence.

[*Aside and exit with Mar.*]

“The Rivals.”

(*Four Speakers : SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, FAG, AND BOY.*)

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you. Shall I show him into the parlour ?

Abs. Ay—you may. But stay ; who is it, Fag ?

Fag. Your father, sir.

Abs. You puppy ! why didn't you show him up directly ?
[*Exit Fag.*] Now for a parental lecture.—[*Enter Sir Anthony Absolute.*]—Sir, I am delighted to see you here, looking so well ! Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, eh?

Abs. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Abs. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty.

Sir Anth. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, with what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Abs. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me;—I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Abs. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Abs. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Ay, a wife—did I not mention her before?

Abs. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. I musn't forget her, though.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by marriage;—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

Abs. Sir! you amaze me.

Sir Anth. Why, what's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Abs. I was, sir;—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why, what difference does that make? Tut, tut, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Abs. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, sir?—Come, give me your promise to love and to marry her directly.

Abs. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Abs. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, once for all, that on this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark'ee, Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself when I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led, when I have my own way;—but don't put me in a frenzy.

Abs. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now, hang me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Abs. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word—so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack, if you don't—

Abs. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness!

Sir Anth. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.—None of your sneering, puppy! No grinning, jackanapes!

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, sir! I know you are laughing in your sleeve: I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Abs. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please!—It won't do with me, I promise you.

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word——

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! can't you be cool like me? What good can passion do?—Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again! don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog!—you play upon the meekness of my disposition!—Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—But mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything that I choose, why—I may in time forgive you. If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission! I'll disown you! I'll disinherit you! and, hang me! if ever I call you Jack again! [*Exit.*]

Abs. Mild, gentle, considerate father!—I dare not trust him with the truth, that I am already engaged.

Fag. [*Enters.*] Assuredly, sir, your father is wroth to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way: I and the cook's boy stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane, bids me carry that to my master; then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, curses us all for a puppy triumvirate.

Abs. Cease your impertinence, sir.—Did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way!

[*Pushes him aside and exit.*]

Fag. So! Sir Anthony trims my master; and he vents his spleen on poor Fag!—When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice! Ah! it shows the worst temper—the basest——

Boy. [*Enters.*] Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

Fag. Well, you little dirty puppy, you need not bawl so.

Boy. Quick, Mr. Fag!

Fag. Quick! you impudent jackanapes? Am I to be commanded by you too? you little impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred——

[*Exit kicking and beating him.*]

Essex and Spenser.

[Spenser has just escaped from Ireland, where his house and infant child had been burnt. Essex, not yet aware of his misfortune, has sent for him.]

Essex. Instantly on hearing of thy arrival from Ireland, I sent a message to thee, good Edmund, that I might learn, from one so judicious and dispassionate as thou art, the real state of things in that distracted country; it having pleased the Queen's Majesty to think of appointing me her deputy, in order to bring the rebellious to submission.

Spenser. Wisely and well considered; but more worthily of her judgment than her affection. May your lordship overcome, as you have ever done, the difficulties and dangers you foresee.

Essex. We grow weak by striking at random; and knowing that I must strike, and strike heavily, I would fain see exactly where the stroke shall fall.

Now what tale have you for us?

Spenser. Interrogate me, my lord, that I may answer each question distinctly, my mind being in sad confusion at what I have seen and undergone.

Essex. Give me thy account and opinion of these very affairs as thou leftest them; for I would rather know one part well than all imperfectly; and the violences of which I have heard within the day surpass belief.

Why weepest thou, my gentle Spenser? Have the rebels sacked thy house?

Spenser. They have plundered and utterly destroyed it.

Essex. I grieve for thee, and will see thee righted.

Spenser. In this they have little harmed me.

Essex. How! I have heard it reported that thy grounds are fertile, and thy mansion large and pleasant.

Spenser. If river and lake and meadow-ground and mountain could render any place the abode of pleasantness, pleasant was mine, indeed!

On the lovely banks of Mulla I found deep contentment. Under the dark alders did I muse and meditate. Innocent hopes were my gravest cares, and my playfullest fancy was with kindly wishes. Ah! surely of all cruelties the worst is to extinguish our kindness. Mine is gone: I love the

people and the land no longer. My lord, ask me not about them : I may speak injuriously.

Essex. Think rather, then, of thy happier hours and busier occupations ; these likewise may instruct me.

Spenser. The first seeds I sowed in the garden, ere the old castle was made habitable for my lovely bride, were acorns from Penshurst. I planted a little oak before my mansion at the birth of each child. My sons, I said to myself, shall often play in the shade of them when I am gone ; and every year shall they take the measure of their growth, as fondly as I take theirs.

Essex. Well, well ; but let not this thought make thee weep so bitterly.

Spenser. Poison may ooze from beautiful plants ; deadly grief from dearest reminiscences. I *must* grieve, I *must* weep : it seems the law of God, and the only one that men are not disposed to contravene. In the performance of this alone do they effectually aid one another.

Essex. Spenser ! I wish I had at hand any arguments or persuasions of force sufficient to remove thy sorrow ; but, really, I am not in the habit of seeing men grieve at anything except the loss of favour at court, or of a hawk, or of a buck-hound. And were I to swear out condolences to a man of thy discernment, in the same round, roll-call phrases we employ with one another upon these occasions, I should be guilty, not of insincerity, but of insolence. True grief hath ever something sacred in it ; and, when it visiteth a wise man and a brave one, is most holy.

Nay, kiss not my hand : he whom God smiteth hath God with him. In his presence what am I ?

Spenser. Never so great, my lord, as at this hour, when you see aright who is greater. May He guide your counsels, and preserve your life and glory !

Essex. Where are thy friends ? Are they with thee ?

Spenser. Ah, where, indeed ! Generous, true-hearted Philip ! where art thou, whose presence was unto me peace and safety ; whose smile was contentment, and whose praise renown ? My lord ! I cannot but think of him among still heavier losses : he was my earliest friend, and would have taught me wisdom.

Essex. Pastoral poetry, my dear Spenser, doth not require

tears and lamentations. Dry thine eyes; rebuild thine house: the Queen and Council, I venture to promise thee, will make ample amends for every evil thou hast sustained. What! does that enforce thee to wail still louder?

Spenser. Pardon me, bear with me, most noble heart! I have lost what no Council, no Queen, no Essex, can restore.

Essex. We will see that. There are other swords, and other arms to yield them, beside a Leicester's and a Raleigh's. Others can crush their enemies and serve their friends.

Spenser. O my sweet child! And of many so powerful, many so wise and so beneficent, was there none to save thee? None! none!

Essex. I now perceive that thou lamentest what almost every father is destined to lament. Happiness must be bought, although the payment may be delayed. Consider: the same calamity might have befallen thee here in London. Neither the houses of ambassadors, nor the palaces of kings, nor the altars of God himself, are asylums against death. How do I know but under this very roof there may sleep some latent calamity, that in an instant shall cover with gloom every inmate of the house, and every far dependent?

Spenser. God avert it!

Essex. Every day, every hour of the year, do hundreds mourn what thou mournest.

Spenser. Oh, no, no, no! Calamities there are around us; calamities there are all over the earth; calamities there are in all seasons: but none in any season, none in any place, like mine.

Essex. So say all fathers, so say all husbands. Look at any old-mansion house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the golden vanes, or the arms recently quartered over the gateway or the embayed window, and on the happy pair that haply is toying at it: nevertheless thou mayest say that of a certainty the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its chambers, and heard many wailings; and each time this was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amid the laughing nymphs upon the arras. Old servants have shaken their heads, as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish.

Edmund ! the things that are too true pass by us as if they were not true at all ; and when they have singled us out, then only do they strike us. Thou and I must go too. Perhaps the next year may blow us away with its fallen leaves.

Spenser. For you, my lord, many years (I trust) are waiting : I never shall see those fallen leaves. No leaf, no bud, will spring upon the earth before I sink into her breast for ever.

Essex. Thou, who art wiser than most men, shouldst bear with patience, equanimity, and courage what is common to all.

Spenser. Enough, enough, enough ! Have all men seen their infant burnt to ashes before their eyes ?

Essex. Gracious God ! Merciful Father ! what is this ?

Spenser. Burnt alive ! burnt to ashes ! burnt to ashes ! The flames dart their serpent tongues through the nursery-window. I cannot quit thee, my Elizabeth ! I cannot lay down our Edmund ! Oh, these flames ! They persecute, they enthrall me ; they curl round my temples ; they hiss upon my brain ; they taunt me with their fierce, foul voices ; they carp at me, they wither me, they consume me, throwing back to me a little of life to roll and suffer in, with their fangs upon me. Ask me, my lord, the things you wish to know from me : I may answer them ; I am now composed again. Command me, my gracious lord ! I would yet serve you : soon I shall be unable. You have stooped to raise me up ; you have borne with me ; you have pitied me, even like one not powerful. You have brought comfort, and will leave it with me, for gratitude is comfort.

Oh ! my memory stands all a tip-toe on one burning point : when it drops from it, then it perishes. Spare me : ask me nothing ; let me weep before you in peace,—the kindest act of greatness.

Essex. I should rather have dared to mount into the midst of the conflagration than I now dare entreat thee not to weep. The tears that overflow thy heart, my Spenser, will staunch and heal it in their sacred stream ; but not without hope in God.

Spenser. My hope in God is that I may soon see again what he has taken from me. Amid the myriads of angels, there is not one so beautiful ; and even he (if there be any) who

is appointed my guardian could never love me so. Ah ! these are idle thoughts, vain wanderings, distempered dreams. If there ever were guardian angels, he who so wanted one—my helpless boy—would not have left these arms upon my knees.

Essex. God help and sustain thee, too gentle Spenser ! I never will desert thee. But what am I ? Great they have called me ! Alas, how powerless then and infantile is greatness in the presence of calamity !

Come, give me thy hand : let us walk up and down the gallery. Bravely done ! I will envy no more a Sidney or a Raleigh.

(B) L Y R I C .

The Bridge of Sighs.

One more unfortunate, weary of breath, rashly importunate, gone to her death ! Take her up tenderly—lift her with care : fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair ! Look at her garments, clinging like cerements ; whilst the wave constantly drips from her clothing. Take her up instantly, loving, not loathing. Touch her not scornfully, think of her mournfully, gently and humanly : not of the stains of her :—all that remains of her now is pure womanly. Make no deep scrutiny into her mutiny, rash and undutiful : past all dishonour, Death has left on her only the beautiful. Still,—for all slips of hers, one of Eve's family !—wipe those poor lips of hers, oozing so clammily. Loop up her tresses escaped from the comb—her fair auburn tresses !—whilst wonderment guesses, Where was her home ? who was her father ? who was her mother ? had she a sister ? had she a brother ? or was there a dearer one still, and a nearer one yet than all other ? Alas ! for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun ! Oh ! it was pitiful ! near a whole city full, home she had none. Sisterly, brotherly, fatherly, motherly feelings had changed : love, by harsh evidence, thrown from its eminence : even God's providence seeming estranged !

Where the lamps quiver so far in the river, with many a light from window and casement, from garret to basement, she

stood with amazement, houseless—by night. The bleak wind of March made her tremble and shiver ; but not the dark arch, or the black-flowing river : mad from life's history, glad to death's mystery ; swift to be hurled any where, any where, out of the world ! In she plunged boldly, no matter how coldly the rough river ran :—over the brink of it, picture it, think of it, dissolute Man ! lave in it, drink of it, then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly, lift her with care : fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair ! Ere her limbs frigidly stiffen too rigidly, decently, kindly, smooth and compose them ; and her eyes—close them, staring so blindly ! Dreadfully staring, through muddy impurity ; as when, with the daring last look of despairing, fixed on futurity ! Perishing gloomily ; spurred by contumely, cold inhumanity, burning insanity, into her rest.—Cross her hands humbly, as if praying dumbly, over her breast ; owning her weakness, her evil behaviour—and leaving, with meekness, her sins to her Saviour !

The Children.

When the lesson and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "Good-night," and be kissed.
Oh the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace ;
Oh the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face.

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last ;
Of love, that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past ;
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh my head grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go :
Of the mountains of sins hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild ;
Oh there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child !

They are idols of heart and of households ;
They are angels of God in disguise ;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses—
His glory still beams in their eyes.
Oh those truants from earth and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done ;
But that life may have just as much shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself ;
Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule of the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge ;
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule.
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old home in the Autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more ;
Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.

I shall miss the "Good-nights," and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee—
The groups on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their songs in the school and the street ;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me,
And bid me "Good night," and be kissed !

The Children's Hour.

Between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning
to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations, that is known as the
Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me the patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened, and voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight, descending the broad
hall stair,

Grave Alice and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair.
A whisper and then a silence ; yet I know by their merry
eyes

They are plotting and planning together to take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, a sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded they enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret o'er the arms and back of my
chair ;

If I try to escape they surround me ; they seem to be every-
where.

They almost devour me with kisses, their arms about me
entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen in his Mouse-tower on the
Rhine !
Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti, because you have scaled the
wall
Such an old moustache as I am is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress, and will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon in the round tower of my
heart.
And there will I keep you for ever, yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin, and moulder in dust away.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys !
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace !"

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

The Day is Done.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Beethoven at the Piano.

I.

See where Beethoven sits alone—a dream of days elysian,
A crownless king upon a throne, reflected in a vision—
The man who strikes the potent chords which make the world,
in wonder,
Acknowledge him, though poor and dim, the mouthpiece of
the thunder.

II.

He feels the music of the skies the while his heart is breaking;
He sings the songs of Paradise, where love has no forsaking;
And, though so deaf he cannot hear the tempest as a token,
He makes the music of his mind the grandest ever spoken.

III.

He doth not hear the whispered word of love in his seclusion,
Or voice of friend, or song of bird, in Nature's sad confusion;
But he hath made, for Love's sweet sake, so wild a declamation,
That all true lovers of the earth have claimed him of their
nation.

IV.

He had a Juliet in his youth, as Romeo had before him,
And, Romeo like, he sought to die that she might then adore
him;

But she was weak, as women are whose faith has not been
proven,
And would not change her name for his—Guiciardi for
Beethoven.

V.

O minstrel, whom a maiden spurned, but whom a world has
treasured !
O sovereign of a grander realm than man has ever measured !
Thou hast not lost the lips of love, but thou hast gained, in
glory,
The love of all who know the thrall of thine immortal story.

VI.

Thou art the bard whom none discard, but whom all men dis-
cover
To be a God, as Orpheus was, albeit a lonely lover ;
A king to call the stones to life beside the roaring ocean,
And bid the stars discourse to trees in words of man's emotion.

VII.

A king of joys, a prince of tears, an emperor of the seasons,
Whose songs are like the sway of years in Love's immortal
reasons ;
A bard who knows no life but this : to love and be rejected,
And reproduce in earthly strains the prayers of the elected.

VIII.

O poet heart ! O seraph soul ! by men and maids adorèd !
O Titan with the lion's mane, and with the splendid forehead !
We men who bow to thee in grief must tremble in our gladness,
To know what tears were turned to pearls to crown thee in
thy sadness.

IX.

An angel by direct descent, a German by alliance,
Thou didst intone the wonder-chords which made Despair a
science.
Yea, thou didst strike so grand a note that, in its large vibra-
tion,
It seemed the roaring of the sea in nature's jubilation.

X.

O Sire of Song ! Sonata-King ! Sublime and loving master ;
 The sweetest soul that ever struck an octave in disaster ;
 In thee were found the fires of thought—the splendours of
 endeavour,—
 And thou shalt sway the minds of men for ever and for ever !

To a Mouse.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bick'ring brattle !
 I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle !
 I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion
 Which mak's thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow-mortal !
 I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request :
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss't !
 Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 It's silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
 And naething now to big a new ane
 O' foggage green !
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen !
 Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary winter comin' fast,
 And cozie here, beneath the blast
 Thou thought to dwell,

Till, crash ! the cruel coultter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hauld,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch could !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain !
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear.

Honest Poverty.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that ;
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil 's obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that ;

For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that :
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith he maunna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star in his steep course?—so long he seems to pause on thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc ! The Arve and Arvéiron at thy base rave ceaselessly : but thou, most awful form ! risest from forth the silent sea of pines, how silently ! Around thee and above, deep is the air and dark, substantial-black,—an ebon mass :

methinks thou piercest it, as with a wedge ! But when I look again, it is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine, thy habitation from eternity !—O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee, till thou, still present to the bodily sense, didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer, I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, so sweet we know not we are listening to it, thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought, yea, with my life and life's own secret joy ; till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused into the mighty vision passing,—there, as in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears, mute thanks, and secret ecstasy ! Awake !—voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake, green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn !

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale ! O, struggling with the darkness all the night, and visited all night by troops of stars, or when they climb the sky, or when they sink ;—companion of the morning-star at dawn, thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn co-herald,—wake, O wake, and utter praise !—Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ? Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ? Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad ! who called you forth from night and utter death ? from dark and icy caverns called you forth, down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks, for ever shattered, and the same for ever ? Who gave you your invulnerable life, your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy ; unceasing thunder and eternal foam ? And who commanded (and the silence came), “ Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ” ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow adown enormous ravines slope amain ;—torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice, and stopped at once amid their maddest plunge ! motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !—who made you glorious as the gates of heaven, beneath the keen, full moon ? Who bade the sun clothe you with rainbows ? Who with living flowers of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?—God ! . . . Let the torrents, like a shout of nations, answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !—God ! Sing, ye meadow-

streams, with gladsome voice! ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds! And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow, and in their perilous fall, shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost! ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest! ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm! ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds! ye signs and wonders of the element!—utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks, oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard, shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou, that, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low in adoration, upward from thy base slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears, solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud, to rise before me,—rise, O ever, rise! rise like a cloud of incense from the earth! Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills! thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven! great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky, and tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun, Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the Sea, that a Maiden there lived, whom you may know by the name of Annabel Lee; and this Maiden she lived with no other thought, than to love, and be loved, by me! *I* was a child, and *she* was a child, in this kingdom by the Sea: but we loved with a love that was more than love,—*I* and my Annabel Lee; with a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven coveted her and me! And this was the reason that, long ago, in this kingdom by the Sea, a wind blew out of the cloud, chilling my beautiful Annabel Lee; so that her high-born kinsmen came, and tore her away from me, to shut her up in a sepulchre—in this kingdom by the Sea. The Angels, not half so happy in heaven, went envying her and me; yes! that was the reason (as all men know, in this kingdom by the Sea) that the Wind came out of the cloud by night, chilling and killing my Annabel Lee. But our love it was stronger by far

than the love of those who are older than we—of many far wiser than we ; and neither the Angels, in heaven above,—nor the Demons, down under the sea,—can ever dissever my soul, from the soul of the beautiful Annabel Lee ! For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams of the beautiful Annabel Lee ; and the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes of the beautiful Annabel Lee ; and so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride : in her sepulchre there by the Sea,—in her tomb by the sounding Sea !

(C) NARRATIVE.

An Old Dominie's Story.

What link existed, human or divine,
Between the tiny tot six summers old,
And yonder life of mine upon the hills
Among the mists and storms ? 'T is strange, 't is strange !
But when I looked on Willie's face, it seem'd
That I had known it in some beauteous life
That I had left behind me in the north.
This fancy grew and grew, till oft I sat—
The buzzing school around me—and would seem
To be among the mists, the tracks of rain,
Nearing the hueless silence of the snow.
Slowly and surely I began to feel
That I was all alone in all the world,
And that my mother and my father slept
Far, far away, in some forgotten kirk—
Remember'd but in dreams. Alone at nights,
I read my Bible more and Euclid less.

* * * * *

And when we read the Holy Book, the child
Would think and think o'er parts he loved the best ;
The draught of fish, the Child that sat so wise
In the great Temple, Herod's cruel law

To slay the weans, or—oftenest of all—
 The Crucifixion of the Good Kind Man
 Who loved the weans and was a wean Himself.
 He speir'd of death ; and were the sleepers cold
 Down in the dark wet earth ? and was it God
 That put the grass and flowers in the kirk-yard ?
 What kind of dwelling-place was heaven above ?
 And was it full of flowers ? and were there schools
 And dominies there ? and was it far away ?
 Then, with a look that made your eyes grow dim,
 Claspng his wee white hands round Donald's neck,
 "Do doggies gang to heaven ?" he would ask ;
 "Would Donald gang ?" and keek'd in Donald's face,
 While Donald blink'd with meditative gaze,
 As if he knew full brawly what we said,
 And ponder'd o'er it, wiser far than we.
 But how I answer'd, how explain'd these themes,
 I know not. Oft I could not speak at all.
 Yet every question made me think of things
 Forgotten, puzzled so, and when I strove
 To reason, puzzled me so much the more,
 That, flinging logic to the winds, I went
 Straight onward to the mark in Willie's way,
 Took most for granted, laid down premises
 Of Faith, imagined, gave my wit the reins,
 And oft on nights at e'en, to my surprise,
 Felt palpably an angel's glowing face
 Glimmering down upon me, while mine eyes
 Dimm'd their old orbs with tears that came unbid
 To bear the glory of the light they saw.

* * * * *

I started to my feet, look'd out, and knew
 The winter wind was whistling from the clouds
 To lash the snow-clothed plain, and to myself
 I prophesied a storm before the night.
 Then with an icy pain, an eldritch gleam,
 I thought of Willie ; but I cheer'd my heart,
 "He's home, and with his mother, long ere this !"

* * * * *

I closed the door, and turn'd me to the fire,
With something on my heart—a load—a sense
Of an impending pain. Down the broad lum
Came melting flakes that hiss'd upon the coal ;
Under my eyelids blew the blinding smoke,
And for a time I sat like one bewitch'd,
Still as a stone. The lonely room grew dark,
The flickering fire threw phantoms of the snow
Along the floor and on the walls around ;
The melancholy ticking of the clock
Was like the beating of my heart. But, hush !
Above the moaning of the wind I heard
A sudden scraping at the door : my heart
Stood still and listen'd ; and with that there rose
An awsome howl, shrill as a dying screech,
And scrape-scrape-scrape, the sound beyond the door !
I could not think—I could not breathe—a dark,
Awful foreboding gript me like a hand,
As opening the door I gazed straight out,
Saw nothing, till I felt against my knees
Something that moved, and heard a moaning sound—
Then, panting, moaning, o'er the threshold leapt
Donald the dog, alone, and white with snow.

Down, Donald ! down, old man ! Sir, look at him !
I swear he knows the meaning of my words,
And though he cannot speak, his heart is full !
See now ! see now ! he puts his cold black nose
Into my palm, and whines ! he knows, he knows !
Would speak, and cannot, but he minds that night !

The terror of my heart seem'd choking me !
Dumbly I stared and wildly at the dog,
Who gazed into my face and whined and moan'd,
Leap'd at the door, then touch'd me with his paws,
And, lastly, gript my coat between his teeth,
And pull'd and pull'd—whiles growling, whining whiles—
Till fairly madden'd, in bewilder'd fear,
I let him drag me through the banging door
Out to the whirling storm. Bareheaded, wild,
The wind and snow-drift beating on my face,

Blowing me hither, thither, with the dog
I dash'd along the road. What follow'd seem'd
An eerie, eerie dream !—a world of snow,
A sky of wind, a whirling howling mist
Which swam around with hundred sickly eyes ;
And Donald dragging, dragging, beaten, bruised,
Leading me on to something that I fear'd—
An awful something, and I knew not what !
On, on, and farther on, and still the snow
Whirling, the tempest moaning ! Then I mind
Of groping, groping in the shadowy light,
And Donald by me burrowing with his nose
And whining. Next a darkness, blank and deep !
But then I mind of tearing through the storm,
Stumbling and tripping, blind and deaf and dumb,
And holding to my heart an icy load
I clutch'd with freezing fingers. Far away—
It seem'd long miles on miles away—I saw
A yellow light—unto that light I tore—
And last, remember opening a door
And falling, dazzled by a blinding gleam
Of human faces and a flaming fire,
And with a crash of voices in my ears
Fading away into a world of snow.

The Singing Leaves.

A BALLAD.

I.

“What fairings will ye that I bring?”
Said the King to his daughters three ;
“For I to Vanity Fair am boun’,
Now say what shall they be?”

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand :
“Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand.”

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red :
“ For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head.”

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

“ There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
‘ Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.’ ”

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn :
“ Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born ;

“ But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves ; ”
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, “ Thou shalt have thy leaves.”

II.

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
“ Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
I pray you give it me ! ”

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,

That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

“Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon?”

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran :

“Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

“That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle-gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor’s fate.”

The King’s head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be ;

’Twill be my dog, he thought, and said,
“My faith I plight to thee.”

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,

“Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein.”

III.

As the King rode in at his castle-gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And “Welcome, father !” she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

“Lo, here the Singing Leaves,” quoth he,
“And woe, but they cost me dear !”
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth or sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang: "Be mine! Be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
O'er the waters pointing westward,
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending
Burned his way along the heavens,
Set the sky on fire behind him,
As war parties, when retreating,

Burn the prairies on their war-trail ;
And the moon, the Night-Sun, eastward,
Suddenly starting from his ambush,
Followed fast those bloody footprints,
Followed in that fiery war-trail,
With its glare upon its features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
Spake these words to Hiawatha :
"Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,
Megissogwon, the Magician,
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,
Guarded by his fiery serpents,
Guarded by his black pitch-water.
You can see his fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Coiling, playing in the water ;
You can see the black-pitch water
Stretching far away beyond them,
To the purple clouds of sunset !

"He it was who slew my father,
By his wicked wiles and cunning,
When he from the moon descended,
When he came on earth to seek me.
He, the mightiest of Magicians,
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the pestilential vapours,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,
Sends disease and death among us !

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly
You may pass the black pitch-water ;
Slay this merciless magician,
Save the people from the fever

That he breathes across the fen-lands,
And avenge my father's murder ! ”

Straightway then my Hiawatha
Armed himself with all his war gear,
Launched his birch canoe for sailing ;
With his palm its sides he patted,
Said with glee, “ Cheemaun, my darling,
O my Birch Canoe ! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
Where you see the black pitch-water ! ”

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,
And the noble Hiawatha
Sang his war-song wild and woful,
And above him the war-eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Master of all fowls with feathers,
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise :
“ Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey ! ”
And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made answer :
“ Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart ! ”

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents ;
Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow

Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting :
“ Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling !
Onward to the black pitch-water ! ”

Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly
He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotten water-rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,
In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight,
All the water black with shadow,
And around him the Suggema,
The mosquitos, sang their war-song,
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead him ;
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moonlight,
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface ;
And anon a thousand whistles
Answered over all the fen-lands,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Far off on the reedy margin,
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,
Till the level moon stared at him,

In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam
Of the Manito of Wampum,
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
To his birch canoe said, "Onward!"
And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,
On the sand one end he rested,
With his knee he pressed the middle,
Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,
Took an arrow jasper-headed,
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
Sent it singing as a herald,
As a bearer of his message,
Of his challenge loud and lofty :
"Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather !
Hiawatha waits your coming !"

Straightway from the Shining Wigwam
Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Armed with all his warlike weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow,
Crested with great eagle-feathers !
Streaming upward, streaming outward.

"Well I know you, Hiawatha !"
Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision.
"Hasten back, O Shaugodaya !

Hasten back among the women,
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !
I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father !”

But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing :
“ Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings !”

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.
All a Summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset ;
For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Harmless fell the heavy war-club ;
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,
And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,
From whose branches trailed the mosses,
And whose trunk was coated over
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather,
With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above him
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker :
“ Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,

At their roots the long black tresses ;
There alone can he be wounded ! ”

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,
Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,
And he reeled and staggered forward,
Plunging like a wounded bison,
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow
In the pathway of the other,
Piercing deeper than the other,
Wounding sorer than the other ;
And the knees of Megissogwon
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow
Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,
And the mighty Megissogwon
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,
Saw the eyes of death glare at him,
Heard his voice call in the darkness ;
At the feet of Hiawatha
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine-tree,
And, in honour of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
On the little head of Mama ;
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stript the shirt of wampum
From the back of Megissogwon,

As a trophy of the battle,
As a signal of his conquest.
On the shore he left the body,
Half on land, and half in water,
In the sand his feet were buried,
And his face was in the water.
And above him wheeled and clamoured
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sailing round in narrower circles,
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,
All his wealth of skins and wampum,
Furs of bison and of beaver,
Furs of sable and of ermine,
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,
Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,
Homeward through the black pitch-water,
Homeward through the weltering serpents,
With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,
On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his song of triumph.
And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and dances,
Made a joyous feast, and shouted :
"Honour be to Hiawatha !

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,
Him, who sent the fiery fever,
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,
Sent disease and death amongst us !"

Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama !
And in token of his friendship,

As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem
With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.
But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

Barbara Fritchie.

Up from the meadows rich with corn, clear in the cool September morn, the clustered spires of Frederick stand, green-walled by the hills of Maryland. Round about them orchards sweep,—apple and peach-tree fruited deep,—fair as a garden of the Lord to the eyes of the famished rebel horde; on that pleasant morn of the early fall, when Lee marched over the mountain wall,—over the mountains winding down, horse and foot, into Frederick town. Forty flags with their silver stars, forty flags with their crimson bars, flapped in the morning wind: the sun of noon looked down, and saw not one.—Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then, bowed with her fourscore years and ten; bravest of all in Frederick town, she took up the flag the men hauled down: in her attic window the staff she set, to show that one heart was loyal yet. . . . Up the street came the rebel tread, Stonewall Jackson riding ahead. Under his slouched hat, left and right, he glanced: the old flag met his sight. “Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast. “Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast. It shivered the window, pane and sash; it rent the banner with seam and gash. Quick as it fell from the broken staff, Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf; she leaned far out on the window-sill, and shook it forth with a royal will. “Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,—but spare your country’s flag!” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame, over the face of the leader came; the nobler nature within him stirred to life at that woman’s deed and word. “Who touches a hair of yon grey head, dies like a dog! March on!” he said. . . . All day

long through Frederick street sounded the tread of marching feet ; all day long that free flag tossed over the heads of the rebel host. Ever its torn folds rose and fell on the loyal winds that loved it well ; and, through the hill-gaps, sunset light shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er, and the Rebel rides on his raids no more. Honour to her !—and let a tear fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier. Over Barbara Fritchie's grave, flag of Freedom and Union wave ! Peace, and order, and beauty, draw round thy symbol of light and law ; and ever the stars above look down on thy stars below in Frederick town !

MAUD MÜLLER.

Maud Müller, on a summer's day, raked the meadow sweet with hay. Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth of simple beauty and rustic health. Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee the mock-bird echoed from his tree. But, when she glanced to the far-off town, white from its hill-slope looking down, the sweet song died ; and a vague unrest and a nameless longing filled her breast—a wish, that she hardly dared to own, for something better than she had known !

The Judge rode slowly down the lane, smoothing his horse's chestnut mane. He drew his bridle in the shade of the apple-trees, to greet the Maid, and ask a draught, from the spring that flowed through the meadows across the road.—She stooped where the cool spring bubbles up, and filled for him her small tin cup ; and blushed as she gave it, looking down on her feet so bare, and her tattered gown. “Thanks !” said the Judge, “a sweeter draught from a fairer hand was never quaffed.” He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees, of the singing birds, and the humming bees ; then talked of the haying, and wondered whether the cloud in the west would bring foul weather. And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown, and her graceful ankles bare and brown ; and listened, while a pleased surprise looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.—At last, like one who for delay seeks a vain excuse, he rode away !

Maud Müller looked and sighed : “Ah me ! that I the Judge's bride might be ! He would dress me up in silks so fine,

and praise and toast me at his wine. My father should wear a broad-cloth coat ; my brother should sail a painted boat. I'd dress my mother so grand and gay ! and the baby should have a new toy each day. And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor, and all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill, and saw Maud Müller standing still. "A form more fair, a face more sweet, ne'er hath it been my lot to meet. And her modest answer and graceful air, show her wise and good as she is fair. Would she were mine ! and I to-day, like her, a harvester of hay : no doubtful balance of rights and wrongs, and weary lawyers with endless tongues ; but low of cattle, and song of birds, and health of quiet and loving words." Then he thought of his sisters, proud and cold ; and his mother, vain of her rank and gold. So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on, and Maud was left in the field alone. But the lawyers smiled that afternoon, when he hummed in court an old love tune ;—and the young girl mused beside the well, till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower, who lived for fashion, as he for power. Yet oft in his marble hearth's bright glow, he watched a picture come and go : and sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes looked out in their innocent surprise. Oft when the wine in his glass was red, he longed for the wayside-well instead ; and closed his eyes on his garnished rooms, to dream of meadows and clover blooms. And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain : "Ah ! that I were free again ! free as when I rode that day, where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearn'd and poor, and many children played round her door. But care and sorrow, and household pain, left their traces on heart and brain. And oft, when the summer-sun shone hot on the new-mown hay in the meadow lot, in the shade of the apple-tree, again she saw a Rider draw his rein : and, gazing down with timid grace, she felt his pleased eyes read her face. Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls stretched away into stately halls ; the weary wheel to a spinnet turned, the tallow candle an astral burned ; and, for him who sat by the chimney lug, dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug, a manly form at her side she saw,—and joy was duty, and love was law ! . . . Then, she took up her burden of life again, saying only, "It might have been !"

Alas for Maiden ! alas for Judge ! for rich repiner and household drudge ! God pity them both ! and pity us all, who vainly the dreams of youth recall. For, of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these : " It might have been ! " Ah, well for us all some sweet hope lies deeply buried from human eyes ; and, in the Hereafter, angels may roll the stone from its grave away !

(D) **DESCRIPTIVE.**

The Bishop and the Caterpillar.

The Bishop sat in the Schoolmaster's chair :
The Rector, and Curates two, were there,
 The Doctor, the Squire,
 The heads of the Choir,
And the Gentry around of high degree,
A highly distinguished company ;
For the Bishop was greatly beloved in his See !
 And there below,
 A goodly show,
Their faces with soap and with pleasure aglow,
Sat the dear little school-children, row upon row ;
For the Bishop had said ('twas the death-blow to schism),
He would hear those dear children their Catechism.
 And then to complete
 The pleasure so sweet
Of these nice little children so pretty and neat,
He'd invited them to a magnificent treat !
And filled were the minds of these dear little ones
With visions of cakes, and of " gay Sally Luns,"
Of oceans of tea, and unlimited buns
(The large ones called " Bath," not the plain penny ones).
 I think I have read,
 Or at least heard it said :
" Boys are always in mischief, unless they're in bed."
 I put it to you,
 I don't say it is true,

But if you should ask for my own private view,
I should answer at once, without further ado,
“I don’t think a boy can be trusted to keep
From mischief in bed—unless he’s asleep!”
But the Schoolmaster’s eye hath a magic spell,
And the boys were behaving remarkably well—
For boys ; and the girls—but ’tis needless to say
Their conduct was perfect in every way ;
For I’m sure ’tis well known in all ranks of society,
That girls *always* behave with the utmost propriety.
Now the Bishop arises, and waves his hand ;
And the children prepared for his questions stand ;
With admiring eyes his form they scan ;
He was a remarkably fine looking man !
His apron was silk of the blackest dye,
His lawn the finest money could buy ;
His sleeves and his ruffles than snow were whiter,
He’d his best shovel-hat, and his second-best mitre.
With benignant glance he gazed around—
You might have heard the slightest sound !—
With dignified mien and solemn look
He slowly opened his ponderous book,
And proceeded at once the knowledge to try
Of those nice little children standing by.

Each child knew its name,

And who gave it the same,

And all the rest of the questions profound
Which his Lordship was pleased to the school to propound.
Nor less did secular knowledge abound,
For the Bishop, to his great pleasure, found
That they knew the date when our Queen was crowned,
And the number of pence which make up a pound ;
And the oceans and seas which our island bound ;
That the earth is nearly, but not quite, round ;
Their orthography, also, was equally sound,
And the Bishop, at last, completely astound-

Ed, cried,

In a tone of pride,

“You bright little dears, no question can trouble you,
You’ve spelled knife with a *k*, and wrong with a *w*.

“And now that my pleasing task ’s at an end,
I trust you will make of me a friend :
You’ve answered my questions, and ’tis but fair
That I in replying should take a share ;
So if there is aught you would like to know,
Pray ask me about it before I go.
I’m sure it would give me the greatest pleasure
To add to your knowledge, for learning ’s a treasure
Which you never can lose, and which no one can steal ;
It grows by imparting, so do not feel
 Afraid or shy,
 But boldly try,
Which is the cleverer, you or I !”

Thus amusement with learning judiciously blending,
His Lordship made of his speech an ending,
And a murmur went round of “How condescending !”

But one bright little boy didn’t care a jot
If his Lordship were condescending or not ;
 For, with scarce a pause
 For the sounds of applause,
 He raised his head,
 And abruptly said :
“How many legs has a Caterpillar got ?”

Now the Bishop was a learned man,
Bishops always were since the race began,
But his knowledge in that particular line
Was less than yours, and no greater than mine ;
And, except that he knew the creature could crawl,
He knew nothing about its legs at all—
Whether the number were great or small,
One hundred, or five, or sixty, or six,—
So he felt in a “pretty consid’rable fix !”
But, resolving his ignorance to hide,
In measured tones he thus replied :

“The Caterpillar, my dear little boy,
Is an emblem of life and a vision of joy !
It bursts from its shell on a bright green leaf,
It knows no care, and it feels no grief.”

Then he turned to the Rector and whispered low,
"Mr. Rector, how many? You surely must know."

But the Rector gravely shook his head,

He hadn't the faintest idea, he said.

So the Bishop turned to the class again,

And in tones paternal took up the strain :

"The Caterpillar, dear children, see,

On its bright green leaf from care lives free,

And it eats, and eats, and grows bigger and bigger,

(Perhaps the Curates can state the figure?)"

But the Curates couldn't; the Bishop went on,

Though he felt that another chance was gone.

"So it eats, and eats, and it grows and grows,

(Just ask the Schoolmaster if he knows.)"

But the Schoolmaster said that that kind of knowledge

Was not the sort he had learned at college.

"And when it has eaten enough, then soon

It spins for itself a soft cocoon,

And then it becomes a chrysalis—

I wonder what child can spell me this.

'Tis rather a difficult word to spell—

(Just ask the Schoolmistress if she can tell.)"

But the Schoolmistress said, as she shook her grey curls,

"She considered such things were not proper for girls."

The word was spelled, and spelled quite right,

Those nice little boys were so awfully bright!

And the Bishop began to get into a fright,

His face grew red—it was formerly white—

And the hair on his head stood nearly upright;

He was almost inclined to take refuge in flight,

But he thought that would be too shocking a sight;

He was at his wits' end—nearly—not quite,

For the Pupil Teachers caught his eye.

He thought they might know—at least he would try—

Then he anxiously waited for their reply;

But the Pupil Teachers enjoyed the fun,

And they wouldn't have told if they could have done.

So he said to the Beadle, "Go down in the street,

And stop all the people you chance to meet,

I don't care who,
Any one will do ;
The old woman selling lollipops,
The little boys playing with marbles and tops,
Or respectable people who deal at the shops ;
The crossing-sweeper, the organ-grinder,
Or the fortune-teller, if you can find her.
Ask any or all,
Short or tall,
Great or small, it matters not—
How many legs has a Caterpillar got ? ”
The Beadle bowed, and was off like a shot
From a pop-gun fired, or that classical arrow
Which flew from the bow of the wicked cock-sparrow.
Now the Bishop again put on a smile,
And the children, who had been waiting meanwhile,
In their innocent hearts imagined that these
Remarks applied
(They were spoken aside)
To the weighty affairs of the Diocese.
“ The Caterpillar is doomed to sleep
For months—a slumber long and deep.
Brown and dead
It looks, 'tis said,
It never even requires to be fed ;
And, except that sometimes it waggles its head,
Your utmost efforts would surely fail
To distinguish the creature's head from its tail.
“ But one morning in spring,
When the birds loudly sing,
And the earth is gay with blossoming ;
When the violets blue,
Are wet with dew,
And the sky wears the sweetest cerulean hue !
“ When on all is seen
The brightest sheen—
When the daises are white, and the grass is green ;
Then the chrysalis breaks,
The insect awakes,—
To the realms of air its way it takes .

It did not die,
It soars on high,
A bright and a beauteous butterfly !”
Here he paused and wiped a tear from his eye ;
The Beadle was quietly standing by,
And perceiving the lecture had reached its close,
Whispered, softly and sadly, “ Nobody knows !”

The Bishop saw his last hope was vain,
But to make the best of it he was fain ;
So he added, “ Dear children, we ever should be,
Prepared to learn from all we see,
And beautiful thoughts of home and joy
Fill the heart, I know, of each girl and boy !
Oh, ponder on these, and you will not care
To know the exact allotted share
Of *legs* the creature possessed at its birth,
When it crawled a mean worm on this lowly earth.
Yet, if you know it, you now may tell,
Your answers so far have pleased me well.”
Then he looked around with benignant eye,
Nor long did he wait for the reply,
For the bright little boy, with a countenance gay,
Said, “ Six, for I counted ’em yesterday !”

MORAL.

“ To all who have children under their care,”
Of two things, nay, three things, I pray you beware—
Don’t give them too many “ unlimited buns,”
Six each (Bath) is sufficient, or twelve penny ones ;
Don’t let them go in for examination,
Unless you have given them due preparation,
Or the questions, asked with the kindest intention,
May be rather a strain on their powers of invention.
Don’t pretend you know everything under the sun,
Though your school-days are ended, and theirs but begun,
But honestly say, when the case is so,
“ This thing, my dear children, I do not know.”

The Bells.

Hear the sledges with the bells—

Silver bells !

What a world of merriment their melody foretells !

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night !

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight ;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—

Golden bells !

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells ;

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight !

From the molten golden notes,

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats

On the moon !

Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !

How it swells !

How it dwells

On the Future ! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells—

Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells !

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright !

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour,

Now—now to sit or never

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh the bells, bells, bells,

What a tale their terror tells

Of despair !

How they clang, and clash, and roar !

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air.

Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging,

And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows ;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling,

And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells ;

Of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells, bells,

In the clamour and the clangour of the bells.

Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells !

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels

In the silence of the night ;

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone !

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls :
And their King it is who tolls !
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells !
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells !
And he dances, and he yells !
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells :
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Guild's Signal.

[William Guild was engineer of the train which plunged into Meadow Brook, on the line of the Stonington and Providence Railroad. It was his custom, as often as he passed his home, to whistle an "All's well" to his wife. He was found, after the disaster, dead, with his hand on the throttle-valve of his engine.]

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence,
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped !

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song, or midnight roundelay
Said what that whistle seemed to say :
"To my trust true,
So love to you !
Working or waiting, good night !" it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Brakesmen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence :
"Nothing amiss—
Nothing !—it is
Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead :
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned ;
Sang as it flew :
"To our trust true,
First of all, duty. Good night !" it said.

And then one night it was heard no more
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,
And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."

One only knew,
To his trust true,
Guild lay under his engine dead.

Human Nature.

Two little children five years old,
Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold ;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
Angels both, in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see,
That they were as human as human can be,
And had not yet learned the maturer art
Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day they found in their romp and play
Two little rabbits soft and gray—
Soft and gray, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love
To their dear little pets—their treasure-trove ;
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the conies a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,
For ere the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away

One little pet had gone to the shades,
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades
Brighter and softer than any below—
A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died ;
And it chanced that the children came singly to view
The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes :
Howe'er, consolingly, he said,
" Poor little Marie—her rabbit's dead ! "

Later came Marie, and stood aghast ;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
" I'm sorry for Charlie—his rabbit's dead ! "

The Field of Waterloo.

Stop !—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust ! An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !—Is the spot marked with no colossal bust, or column trophied, for triumphal show ? None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so. As the ground was before, thus let it be.—How that red rain—hath made the harvest grow !...And is this all the world has gained by thee, thou first and last of fields ! King-making Victory ?

There was a sound of revelry by night : and Belgium's capital had gathered then her Beauty and her Chivalry ; and bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ; a thousand hearts beat happily ; and when music arose with its voluptuous swell, soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again, and all went merry as a marriage-bell.—But hush !—hark ! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ? " No : 'Tis but the wind, or the car rattling o'er the stony street. On with the dance !—let joy be unconfined ! No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."—But hark !—that heavy sounds breaks in once more, as if the clouds its echo would repeat ; and nearer, clearer, deadlier than before ! Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall sat Brunswick's fated chieftain : he did hear that sound the first amidst the festival, and caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ; and

when they smiled because he deemed it near, his heart more truly knew that peal too well which stretched his father on a bloody bier, and roused the vengeance blood alone could quell : he rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro, and gathering tears, and tremblings of distress, and cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago, blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ; and there were sudden partings, such as press the life from out young hearts, and choking sighs which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess if ever more should meet those mutual eyes, since, upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed, the mustering squadron, and the clattering car, went pouring forward with impetuous speed, and swiftly forming in the ranks of war ; and the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar ; and near, the beat of the alarming drum, roused up the soldier ere the morning star : while thronged the citizens, with terror dumb, or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! they come ! they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose ! (the war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes !)—How, in the noon of night, that pibroch thrills, savage and shrill ! But, with the breath which fills their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers with the fierce native daring which instils the stirring memory of a thousand years ; and Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves, dewy with Nature's tear-drops ; as they pass, grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—over the unreturning brave ;—alas ! ere evening, to be trodden, like the grass—which now beneath them, but above shall grow in its next verdure ; when this fiery mass of living valour, rolling on the foe, and burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low !

Last noon, beheld them full of lusty life ; last eve, in Beauty's circle proudly gay ; the midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,—the morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day, battle's magnificently stern array ! The thunder-clouds close o'er it : which when rent, the earth is covered thick with other clay which her own clay shall cover—heaped and pent ; rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

The Legend Beautiful.

“Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled !”
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial ;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone ;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see ;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me ?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go, or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight his visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear :
" Do thy duty ; that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest !"
Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,

Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die !
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not, what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying :
“ Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest
That thou doest unto me ! ”

Unto me ! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

The Ropewalk.

IN that building long and low,
With its windows all a-row,
Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their threads so thin
Dropping, each, a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door ;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
Light the long and dusky lane ;
And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and re-ascend,
Gleam the long threads in the sun ;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,

First before my vision pass ;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
And a girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
Drawing water from a well ;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
Ringing loud the noontide hour,
While the rope coils round and round,
Like a serpent at his feet,
And again, in swift retreat,
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
Laughter and indecent mirth ;
Ah ! it is the gallows tree ;
Breath of Christian charity,
Blow, and sweep it from the earth !

Then a schoolboy, with his kite
Gleaming in a sky of light,
And an eager, upward look ;
Steeds pursued through lane and field ;
Fowlers with their snares concealed ;
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
Anchors dragged through faithless sand ;

Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And, with lessening line and lead,
Sailors feeling for the land.
All these scenes do I behold,
These, and many left untold,
In that building long and low ;
While the wheel goes round and round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.

The Opening of the Piano.

In the little southern parlour of the house you may have seen
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking westward to the
green,

At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night.

Ah me ! how I remember the evening when it came !
What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in flame,
When the wondrous box was opened that had come from over
seas,

With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of ivory keys !

Then the children grew fretful in the restlessness of all joy,
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now,
Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm ;
She had sprinkled it over sorrow and seen its brow grow calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping tinkling
quills,

Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glittering
keys.

Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew dim,
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper hymn."

—Catharine, child of a neighbour, curly and rosy-red,
(Wedded since, and a widow,—something like ten years dead,)
Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open door.
Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
—"Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,
(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box she
heard,)
"Open it, open it, lady! and let me see the *bird*!"

Queen Mab.

A little fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wing,
And from the moon she flutters down.
She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her wand from right to left
And makes a circle round its head.
And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish;
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish.
Of arbours filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade.
And talking birds, with gifted tongues,
For singing songs, and telling tales;
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.
But when the bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly, horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl a dreadful noise ;
And ogres draw their cruel knives
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,
Or raging flames come scorching round ;
Fierce dragons hover in the air,
And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wail and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away ;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

The Dream of the Reveller.

Around the board the guests were met, the lights above them
beaming,
And in their cups, replenish'd oft, the ruddy wine was streaming ;
Their cheeks were flush'd, their eyes were bright, their hearts
with pleasure bounded,
The song was sung, the toast was given, and loud the revel
sounded.
I drained a goblet with the rest, and cried, " Away with sorrow !
Let us be happy for to-day ; what care we for to-morrow ? "
But as I spoke, my sight grew dim, and slumber deep came
o'er me,
And, 'mid the whirl of mingling tongues, this vision passed
before me.

Methought I saw a Demon rise : he held a mighty bicker,
Whose burnish'd sides ran brimming o'er with floods of
burning liquor :
Around him press'd a clamorous crowd, to taste this liquor
greedy,
But chiefly came the poor and sad, the suffering and the needy ;
All those oppress'd by grief or debt,—the dissolute, the lazy,—
Blar-eyed old men and reckless youths, and palsied women,
crazy ;

"Give, give!" they cried, "give, give us drink, to drown all thought of sorrow ;

If we are happy for to-day, what care we for to-morrow?"

The *first* drop warm'd their shivering skins, and drove away their sadness ;

The *second* lit their sunken eyes, and filled their souls with gladness ;

The *third* drop made them shout and roar, and play each furious antic ;

The *fourth* drop boil'd their very blood : and the *fifth* drop drove them frantic.

"Drink !" said the Demon, "Drink your fill ! drink of these waters mellow ;

They'll make your eye-balls sear and dull, and turn your white skins yellow ;

They'll fill your homes with care and grief, and clothe your backs with tatters ;

They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts ; but never mind !— what matters ?

"Though virtue sink, and reason fail, and social ties dis sever,
I'll be your friend in hour of need, and find you homes for ever ;
For I have built three mansions high, three strong and goodly houses,

To lodge at last each jolly soul who all his life carouses.—

The *first*, it is a spacious house, to all but sots appalling,

Where, by the parish bounty fed, vile, in the sunshine crawling,

The worn-out drunkard ends his days, and eats the dole of others,—

A plague and burthen to himself, an eye-sore to his brothers.

"The *second* is a lazarhouse, rank, fetid, and unholy ;

Where, smitten by diseases foul and hopeless melancholy,

The victims of potations deep, pine on the couch of sadness,—

Some calling Death to end their pain, and some imploring
Madness.

The *third* and last is black and high, the abode of guilt and anguish,

And full of dungeons deep and fast, where death-doom'd felons languish.

So drain the cup, and drain again ! One of my goodly houses
Shall lodge at last each jolly soul who to the dregs carouses !”

But well he knew—that Demon old—how vain was all his
preaching,

The ragged crew that round him flock’d were heedless of his
teaching ;

Even as they heard his fearful words, they cried, with shouts
of laughter,—

“Out on the fool who mars To-day with thoughts of a Hereafter !
We care not for thy houses three ; we live but for the present ;
And merry will we make it yet, and quaff our bumpers
pleasant.”...

Loud laugh’d the fiend to hear them speak, and, lifting high
his bicker,

“Body and Soul are mine !” said he ; “I’ll have them *both*—
for liquor !”

The Well of St. Keyne.

A well there is in the west country, and a clearer one never
was seen ;

There is not a wife in the west country, but has heard of the
Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside, and behind does an ash-
tree grow,

And a willow from the bank above droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne ; joyfully he drew
nigh,

For from cock-crow he had been travelling, and there was not
a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear, for thirsty and hot
was he ;

And he sat him down upon the bank, under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town, at the Well
to fill his pail ;

On the Well-side he rested it, and he bade the stranger hail.

“Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?” quoth he; “for, an’ if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day that ever thou didst in thy life:
Or has thy good woman—if one thou hast—ever here in Cornwall been?
For, an’ if she have, I’ll venture my life she has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne.”

“I have left a good woman who never was here,” the stranger he made reply;
“But that my draught should be better for that, I pray you answer me why.”

“St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, “many a time drank of this crystal Well,
And before the angel summoned her, she laid on the water a spell:—
If the husband, of this gifted Well shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he, for he shall be master for life;
But if the wife should drink of it first,—heaven help the husband then!”—
The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne, and drank of the water again.

“You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?” he to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake, and sheepishly shook his head:
“I hastened as soon as the wedding was done, and left my wife in the porch;
But i’faith! she had been wiser than I, for she took a bottle to church.”

A Landscape Sketch.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,

Their scanty-leaved and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety ;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim ;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never ending :
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.

I gazed awhile, and felt as light, and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had play'd upon my heels : I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started ;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.
A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them ;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them !
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep them
Moist, cool, and green ; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert-hedge with wild-briar overtwin'd,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones ; there too should be
The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots :
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters,
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,

The spreading blue-bells : it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scatter'd thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds !
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung ;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses :
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight :
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger awhile upon some bending planks,
Then lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings :
They will be found softer than ringdoves' cooings :
How silent comes the water round that bend !
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows : blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds ;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand !
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain ;
But turn your eye, and they are there again.

The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses ;
 And cool themselves among the emerald tresses ;
 The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
 And moisture, that the bowery green may live :
 So keeping up an interchange of favours,
 Like good men in the truth of their behaviours.
 Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
 From low-hung branches : little space they stop ;
 But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek ;
 Then off at once, as in a wanton freak :
 Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
 Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
 Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
 That nought less sweet might call my thoughts away,
 Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
 Fanning away the dandelion's down ;
 Than the light music of her nimble toes
 Patting against the sorrel as she goes.
 How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught
 Playing in all her innocence of thought !
 O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,
 Watch her half-smiling lips and downward look ;
 O let me for one moment touch her wrist ;
 Let me one moment to her breathing list ;
 And as she leaves me, may she often turn
 Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburn

(E) REFLECTIVE.

Autobiography.

Autobiography ! So you say,
 So do I *not* believe !
 For no men or women that live to-day,
 Be they as good or as bad as they may,
 Ever would dare to leave
 In faintest pencil or boldest ink
 All they truly and really think,

What they have said and what they have done,
What they have lived and what they have felt,
Under the stars or under the sun.
At the touch of a pen the dewdrops melt,
And the jewels are lost in the grass,
Though you count the blades as you pass.
At the touch of a pen the lightning is fixed,
An innocent streak on a broken cloud ;
And the thunder that pealed so fierce and loud,
With musical echo is softly mixed.
Autobiography? No !
It never was written yet, I trow.
Grant that they try !
Still they must fail !
Words are too pale
For the fervour and glow of the lava-flow.

Can they paint the flash of an eye ?
How much less the flash of a heart,
Or its delicate ripple and glitter and gleam,
Swift and sparkling, suddenly darkling,
Crimson and gold tints, exquisite soul-tints,
Changing like dawn-flush touching a dream !
Where is the art
That shall give the play of blending lights
From the porphyry rock on the pool below ?
Or the bird-shadow traced on the sunlit heights
Of golden rose and snow ?

You say 'tis a fact that the books exist,
Printed and published in Mudie's list,
Some in two volumes, and some in one—
Autobiographies plenty. But look !
I will tell you what is done
By the writers, confidentially !
They cut little pieces out of their lives
And join them together,
Making them up as a readable book,
And call it an autobiography,
Though little enough of the life survives.

What if we went in the sweet May weather
To a wood that I know which hangs on a hill,
And reaches down to a tinkling brook,
That sings the flowers to sleep at night,
And calls them again with the earliest light.
Under the delicate flush of green,

Hardly shading the bank below,
Pale anemones peep between

The mossy stumps where the violets grow ;
Wide clouds of bluebells stretch away,
And primrose constellations rise,—

Turn where we may,
Some new loveliness meets our eyes.
The first white butterflies flit around,
Bees are murmuring close to the ground,
The cuckoo's happy shout is heard.

Hark again !

Was it echo, or was it bird ?

All the air is full of song,
A carolling chorus around and above ;
From the wood-pigeon's call so soft and long,
To merriest twitter and marvellous trill,
Everyone sings at his own sweet will,
True to the key-note of joyous love.

Well, it is lovely ! is it not ?

But we must not stay on the fairy spot,

So we gather a nosegay with care :

A primrose here and a bluebell there,
And something that we have never seen,

Probably therefore a specimen rare ;
Stitchwort, with stem of transparent green,

The white-veined woodsorrel, and a spray

Of tender-leaved and budding May.

We carry home the fragrant load,

In a close, warm hand, by a dusty road ;

The sun grows hotter every hour ;

Already the woodsorrel pines for the shade ;

We watch it fade,

And throw away the fair little flower ;
We forgot that it could not last an hour
Away from the cool moss where it grows.
Then the stitchworts droop and close ;
There is nothing to show but a tangle of green,
For the white-rayed stars will no more be seen.
Then the anemones, can they survive ?
Even now they are hardly alive.
Ha ! where is it, our unknown spray ?
 Dropped on the way !
Perhaps we shall never find one again.
At last we come in with the few that are left,
 Of freshness and fragrance bereft ;
 A sorry display.
 Now, do we say,
‘ Here is the wood where we rambled to-day ?
See, we have brought it to you ;
Believe us, indeed it is true.
 This is the wood ! ’ do we say ?

So much for the bright and pleasant side.
There is another. We did not bring
All that was hidden under the wing
Of the radiant-plumaged Spring.
 We never tried
To spy, or watch, or away to bear,
Much that was just as truly there.
 What have we seen ?
 Hush, ah, hush !
Curled and withered fern between,
And dead leaves under the living green,
Thick and damp. A clammy feather,
All that remains of a singing thrush
Killed by a weasel long ago,
In the hungry winter weather.
Nettles in unfriendly row,
And last year’s brambles, sharp and brown,
Grimly guarding a hawthorn crown.
A pale leaf trying to reach the light
By a long weak stem, but smothered down,

Dying in darkness, with none to see.
The rotting trunk of a willow tree,
Leafless, ready to fall from the bank ;
A poisonous fungus, cold and white,
And a hemlock growing strong and rank.
A tuft of fur and a ruddy stain,
Where a wounded hare has escaped the snare,
Only perhaps to be caught again.
No specimens we bring of these,
Lest they should disturb our ease,
And spoil the story of the May,
And make you think our holiday
Was far less pleasant than we say.

Ah no ! We write our lives indeed,
But in a cipher none can read,
Except the author. He may pore
The life-accumulating lore

For evermore,

And find the records strange and true,
Bring wisdom old and new.
But though he break the seal,
No power has he to give the key,
No licence to reveal.

We wait the all-declaring day,
When love shall know as it is known.
Till then, the secrets of our lives are ours and God's alone.

On Revisiting the Banks of the Wye.

Five years have passed ; five summers, with the length of
five long winters ; and again I hear these waters, rolling from
their mountain-springs with a sweet inland murmur. Once
again do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, which, on a wild
secluded scene, impress thoughts of more deep seclusion, and
connect the landscape with the quiet of the sky.

Though absent long, these forms of beauty have not been to
me, as is a landscape to a blind man's eye ; but oft, in lonely

rooms, and 'mid the din of towns and cities, I have owed to them, in hours of weariness, sensations sweet ; felt in the blood, and felt along the heart, and passing even into my purer mind, with tranquil restoration :—feelings, too, of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps, as may have had no trivial influence on that best portion of a good man's life—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust, to them I may have owed another gift of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood, in which the burthen of the mystery, in which the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world, is lightened ;—that serene and blessed mood, in which the affections gently lead us on, until the breath of this corporeal frame, and even the motion of our human blood, almost suspended, we are laid asleep in body, and become a living soul ; while, with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony, and the deep power of joy, we see into the life of things.

If this be but a vain belief—yet, oh ! how oft, in darkness, and amid the many shapes of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir unprofitable, and the fever of the world, have hung upon the beatings of my heart, how oft in spirit have I turned to thee, O sylvan Wye !—thou wanderer through the woods ; how often has my spirit turned to thee ! And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought, with many recognitions dim and faint, and somewhat of a sad perplexity, the picture of the mind revives again : while here I stand, not only with the sense of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts that, in this moment, there is life and food for future years. And so I dare to hope, though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first I came among these hills ; when, like a roe, I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides of the deep rivers and the lonely streams—wherever Nature led ; more like a man flying from something that he dreads, than one who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then (the coarser pleasures of my boyish days, and their glad animal movements all gone by) to me was all in all. I cannot paint what then I was. The sounding cataract haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, their colours, and their forms, were then to me an appetite ; a feeling and a love, that had no need of a remoter charm by thought supplied, or any interest unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,

and all its aching joys are now no more, and all its dizzy raptures.

Not for this faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur ; other gifts have followed ;—for such loss, I would believe, abundant recompense. For, I have learned to look on Nature, not as in the hour of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes the still sad music of Humanity,—nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power to chasten and subdue. And I have felt a Presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused, whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man ; a motion and a spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things. Therefore am I still a lover of the meadows, and the woods, and mountains, and of all that we behold from this green earth ; of all the mighty world of eye and ear, both what they half create, and what perceive ; well pleased to recognise, in Nature, and the language of the sense, the anchor of my purest thoughts ;—the nurse, the guide, the guardian of my heart,—and soul of all my moral being.

London, September 1802.

O Friend ! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show ; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom !—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;
The wealthiest man amongst us is the best,
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry ; and these we adore :
Plain living and high thinking are no more ;
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

London, 1802.

Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour ;
England hath need of thee ; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters ; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart ;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

(F) MISCELLANEOUS.

The Parting of the Ways.

Who hath not been a poet ? Who hath not,
With life's new quiver full of wingèd years,
Shot at a venture, and then, following on,
Stood doubtful at the Parting of the Ways ?

There once I stood in dream, and as I paused,
Looking this way and that, came forth to me
The figure of a woman veiled, that said,
"My name is Duty, turn and follow me."
Something there was that chilled me in her voice ;
I felt Youth's hand grow slack and cold in mine,
As if to be withdrawn, and I replied :
"Oh, leave the hot wild heart within my breast !
Duty comes soon enough, too soon comes Death ;
This slippery globe of life whirls of itself,
Hasting our youth away into the dark ;
These senses, quivering with electric heats,

Too soon will show, like nests on wintry boughs
Obtrusive emptiness, too palpable wreck,
Which whistling north-winds line with downy snow
Sometimes, or fringe with foliaged rime, in vain,
Thither the singing birds no more return."

Then glowed to me a maiden from the left,
With bosom half disclosed, and naked arms
More white and undulant than necks of swans ;
And all before her steps an influence ran
Warm as the whispering South that opens buds
And swells the laggard sails of Northern May.
"I am called Pleasure, come with me !" she said,
Then laughed, and shook out sunshine from her hair,
Not only that, but, so it seemed, shook out
All memory too, and all the moon-lit past,
Old loves, old aspirations, and old dreams,
More beautiful for being old and gone.

So we two went together ; downward sloped
The path through yellow meads, or so I dreamed,
Yellow with sunshine and young green, but I
Saw naught nor heard, shut up in one close joy ;
I only felt the hand within my own,
Transmuting all my blood to golden fire,
Dissolving all my brain in throbbing mist.

Suddenly shrank the hand ; suddenly burst
A cry that split the torpor of my brain,
And as the first sharp thrust of lightning loosens
From the heaped cloud its rain, loosened my sense :
"Save me !" it thrilled ; "Oh, hide me ! there is Death !
Death the divider, the unmerciful,
That digs his pitfalls under Love and Youth,
And covers Beauty up in the cold ground ;
Horrible Death ! bringer of endless dark ;
Let him not see me ! hide me in thy breast !"
Thereat I strove to clasp her, but my arms
Met only what slipped crumbling down, and fell,
A handful of gray ashes, at my feet.

I would have fled, I would have followed back
That pleasant path we came, but all was changed ;
Rocky the way, abrupt, and hard to find ;
Yet I toiled on, and, toiling on, I thought,
"That way lies Youth, and Wisdom, and all Good ;
For only by unlearning Wisdom comes,
And climbing backward to diviner Youth ;
What the world teaches profits to the world,
What the soul teaches profits to the soul,
Which then first stands erect with Godward face,
When she lets fall her pack of withered facts,
The gleanings of the outward eye and ear,
And looks and listens with her finer sense ;
Nor Truth nor Knowledge cometh from without."

After long weary days I stood again
And waited at the Parting of the Ways ;
Again the figure of a woman veiled
Stood forth and beckoned, and I followed now :
Down to no bower of roses led the path,
But through the streets of towns where chattering Cold
Hewed wood for fires whose glow was owned and fenced,
Where nakedness wove garments of warm wool
Not for itself ;—or through the fields it led
Where Hunger reaped the unattainable grain,
While Idleness enforced saw idle lands,
Leagues of unpeopled soil, the common earth,
Walled round with paper against God and Man.
"I cannot look," I groaned, "at only these ;
The heart grows hardened with perpetual wont,
And palters with a feigned necessity,
Bargaining with itself to be content ;
Let me behold thy face."

The Form replied :

"Men follow Duty, never overtake :
Duty nor lifts her veil nor looks behind."
But, as she spake, a loosened lock of hair
Slipped from beneath her hood, and I, who looked
To see it gray and thin, saw amplest gold ;
Not that dull metal dug from sordid earth,

But such as the retiring sunset flood
Leaves heaped on bays and capes of island cloud.
"O Guide divine," I prayed, "Although not yet
I may repair the virtue which I feel
Gone out at touch of untuned things and foul
With draughts of Beauty, yet declare how soon!"

"Faithless and faint of heart," the voice returned,
"Thou see'st no beauty save thou make it first;
Man, Woman, Nature, each is but a glass
Where the soul sees the image of herself,
Visible echoes, offsprings of herself.
But, since thou need'st assurance of how soon,
Wait till that angel comes who opens all,
The reconciler, he who lifts the veil,
The reuniter, the rest bringer, Death."

I waited, and methought he came; but how,
Or in what shape, I doubted, for no sign,
By touch or mark, he gave me as he passed:
Only I knew a lily that I held
Snapt short below the head and shrivelled up;
Then turned my Guide and looked at me unveiled,
And I beheld no face of matron stern,
But that enchantment I had followed erst,
Only more fair, more clear to eye and brain,
Heightened and chastened by a household charm;
She smiled, and "Which is fairer," said her eyes,
"The hag's unreal Florimel or mine?"

The Heritage.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares :
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Stout muscles, and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labour sings ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
A patience learned by being poor ;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it ;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil,
That with all other level stands ;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great :

Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last ;
Both children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

The Walrus and the Carpenter.

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might :
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun !”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky :
No birds were flying over-head—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :

"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "It *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids, with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech;
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:

And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things :
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat !"
"No hurry !" said the Carpenter :
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need :
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us," the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do !"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view ?

"It was so kind of you to come !
And you are very nice !"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice :
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice !"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick !"

The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said,
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O, Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

About Ben Adhem and the Angel.

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Tubal Cain.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might in the days when earth was young ; by the fierce red light of his furnace bright the strokes of his hammer rung ; and he lifted high his brawny hand on the iron glowing clear, till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet showers, as he fashion'd the sword and the spear.

To Tubal Cain came many a one, as he wrought by his roaring fire, and each one pray'd for a strong steel blade as the crown of his desire ; and he made them weapons sharp and strong, till they shouted loud for glee, and gave him gifts of pearls and gold, and spoils of the forest free.

But a sudden change came o'er his heart ere the setting of the sun, and Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain for the evil he had done ; he saw that men, with rage and hate, made war upon their kind, that the land was red with the blood they shed in their lust of carnage, blind. And he said—"Alas ! that ever I made, or that skill of mine should plan, the spear and the sword, for men whose joy is to slay their fellow-man !"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain sat brooding o'er his woe ; and his hand forbore to smite the ore, and his furnace smoulder'd low. But he rose at last with a cheerful face, and a bright courageous eye, and bared his strong right arm for work, while the quick flames mounted high. And he sang—"Hurrah for my handiwork !" and the red sparks lit the air ; "not alone for the blade was the bright steel made ;" and he fashion'd the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the Past, in friendship join'd their hands, hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall, and plough'd the willing lands, and sang—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain ! our stanch good friend is he ; and for the ploughshare and the plough, to him our praise shall be. But while Oppression lifts its head, or a tyrant would be lord, though we thank him chiefly for the Plough, we'll not forget the Sword !"

Contest between the Nose and the Eyes.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose, the spectacles set them unhappily wrong ; the point in dispute was, as all the world knows, to which the said spectacles ought to

belong. So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause with a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning; while Chief-baron Ear sat to balance the laws, so famed for his talent in nicely discerning. "In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear, and your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find, that the Nose has had spectacles always in wear, which amounts to possession, time out of mind." Then holding the spectacles up to the court—"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle, as wide as the ridge of the nose is; in short, designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle. Again, would your lordship a moment suppose ('tis a case that has happened, and may be again,) that the visage or countenance had not a Nose, pray, who would, or who could, wear spectacles then? On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows, with a reasoning the court will never condemn, that the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose, and the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how, he pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes; but what were his arguments few people know, for the Court did not think they were equally wise. So his lordship decreed, in a grave solemn tone, decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*, that—"Whenever the Nose put his spectacles on, by daylight or candle-light—Eyes should be shut."

The Bachelor's Dream.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd, my curtains drawn, and all is snug; old Puss is in her elbow-chair, and Tray is sitting on the rug. Last night I had a curious dream!—Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—what d'ye think of that, my cat? what d'ye think of that, my dog?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well, I could but woo, and she was won! myself in blue, the bride in white, the ring was placed, the deed was done! Away we went in chaise and four, as fast as grinning boys could flog—what d'ye think of that, my cat? what d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving *tête-à-têtes* to come! But *tête-à-têtes* must still defer!—when Susan came to live with me, her Mother came to

live with her! With Sister Belle she couldn't part, but all *my* ties had leave to jog—what d'ye think of that, my cat? what d'ye think of that, my dog?

The Mother brought a pretty poll—a monkey, too—what work he made! the Sister introduced a Beau—my Susan brought a favourite Maid. She had a tabby of her own, a snappish mongrel, christen'd Gog—what d'ye think of that, my cat? what d'ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit—the parrot scream'd—all day the Sister strumm'd and sung; the petted Maid was such a scold! my Susan learned to use her tongue! No longer “Deary!” “Duck!” and “Love!” I soon came down to simple “Mogg!”—what d'ye think of that, my cat? what d'ye think of that, my dog?

Her Mother had such wretched health, my comforts one by one must go: the very servants crossed my wish—I found my Susan schooled them so! The poker hardly seem'd my own, I might as well have been a log—what d'ye think of that, my cat? what d'ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape; such coats and hats she never met! My ways they were the oddest ways; my friends were such “a vulgar set!” Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—she could not bear that Mister Blogg—what d'ye think of that, my cat? what d'ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a spar, and then Mamma must mingle in the song—the Sister took a sister's part—the Maid declared her master wrong—the parrot learn'd to call me “fool!” my life was like a London fog—what d'ye think of that, my cat? what d'ye think of that, my dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine, as proved by bills that had no end—I never had a decent coat—I never had a coin to spend! She forced me to resign my club, lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—what d'ye think of that, my cat? what d'ye think of that, my dog?

Now, was not that an awful dream, for one who single is, and snug,—with pussy in the elbow-chair, and Tray reposing on the rug? If I must totter down the hill, 'tis safest done without a clog—what d'ye think of that, my cat? what d'ye think of that, my dog?

PROSE.

ELOQUENCE.

Speech on the Outbreak of Hostilities with China; delivered in the House of Commons, 1857.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

There is not war with China. No, Sir, there is not war with China, but what is there? There is hostility. There is bloodshed. There is a trampling down of the weak by the strong. There is the terrible and abominable retaliation of the weak upon the strong. You are occupied in this House by revolting and harrowing details about a Chinese baker, who poisoned bread,—by proclamations for the capture of British heads,—and the waylaying of a postal steamer. And these things you think strengthen your case. Why, they deepen your guilt. War taken at the best is a frightful scourge to the human race; but because it is so, the wisdom of ages has surrounded it with strict laws and usages, and has required formalities to be observed, which shall act as a curb upon the wild passions of man, to prevent that scourge from being let loose, unless under circumstances of full deliberation and from absolute necessity. You have dispensed with all these precautions. You have turned a consul into a diplomatist, and that metamorphosed consul is, forsooth, to be at liberty to direct the whole might of England against the head of a defenceless people. While war is a scourge and a curse to man, it is yet attended with certain compensations. It is attended with acts of heroic self-sacrifice and of unbounded daring. It is ennobled by a consciousness that you are meeting equals in the field, and that while you challenge the issue of life or death, you at least enter into a fair encounter. But you go to China and make war upon those who stand before you as women or children. And what do these people, who are as mere women and children, when you make war upon them? They resort to those miserable and detestable contrivances

which their weakness teaches them. It is not the first time in the history of the world. Have you never read of those rebellions of the slaves, which have risen to the dignity of being called wars, and which stand recorded in history as the servile wars? And is it not notorious that among all the wars upon record these have been the most terrible, ferocious, and destructive? And why? Because those who have been trampled upon, adopt in their turn the practices of their oppressors. And that is the character of the war which we are prosecuting in China. Every account that we shall read in the journals or hear recited in this House, will tell of calamity heaped upon calamity, and of cruelty heaped upon cruelty.

But I find an appeal has been made to this House which appears to me to be a false and illegitimate appeal. It is an appeal to fear, which is seldom a rightful and noble sentiment; and it is to that fear which is the basis of the worst kind of fear—the fear of being thought afraid. The Government are afraid of the mischievous impression that will be produced upon the Chinese, if the acts of our officials are disavowed. Sir, let us consider fairly, impartially, and at large, the moral impressions that must be produced. Let us weigh the evil upon one side and the other, and I have no fear for the result. Hereafter we shall be told by the noble lord, of the wise caution that we ought to display, of the solemn predicament in which we are placed, of the political mischief which may ensue. Shadowy pictures will be drawn of the dangers, the confusion, the weakness, and paralysis of British power in the East. But what is the foundation of British power in the East—what is the foundation of the promise to be permanent and useful of that British power? It is not now a question as if the Chinese are alone concerned, for the debate has been prolonged night after night, and your words have gone throughout the whole earth. The confessions and avowals of the supporters of the Government have been, it appears to me, perfectly fatal either to the continuance of that policy, or else to the character and fame of England. You talk of the consequences, and talk of injustice, and then say that we must go on with that injustice. When you speak of the necessity of applying the law of force to the Chinese, and that it is by force that your influence must spread, I am bound to admit,

and I do admit, that you have not power to prevent the language of this debate from being read. The opponents of the resolution of my hon. friend, have not generally ascended to the height of boldness. Few have justified the proceedings that have taken place. Many of those who intend to support the Government have openly condemned the proceedings that have taken place. Members more than I could name have condemned the proceedings. I will ask what the effect will be throughout the world, if it goes forth that in the debates held in the two Houses of Parliament, the majority of speakers condemned the proceedings, and that even among those who sustained the Government with their vote, there was a large number who condemned these proceedings. Why, sir, the opinion will be that England is a power which, while it is higher and more daring in its pretensions to Christianity than any other Power on the face of the globe, yet that in a case where her own interests were concerned, and where she was acting in the remote and distant East, when fairly put to it and asked whether she would do right or wrong, she was ready to adopt, for fear of political inconvenience, the principle—"I will make the law of wrong the law of my Eastern policy, and will lay the foundation of that empire which is my proudest boast, in nothing more nor less than gross injustice." Sir, this is not my opinion. I will not believe that England will lay the foundations of its Eastern empire on such miserable ground as this. I believe, on the contrary, that if you have the courage to assert your prerogative as the British House of Commons, you will pursue a course which is more consistent with sound policy as well as the eternal principles of justice. Sir, how stands the case at present? I have just now supposed that the House are going to affirm that resolution which will be the seal of our disgrace. But let me reverse the picture and suppose that the House will adopt the other resolution, and then what will the House do, and what will be the history of this case? Its history will read well for England, and for the 19th century. Its history will, then, be this:—The subordinate officers of England, in a remote quarter of the globe, misconstrued the intentions of their country; they acted in violation of the principle of right; the Executive Government failed to check them. The appeal was next made to the House

of Lords, and made as such an appeal ought to be made, for the House was worthy of the eloquence, and the eloquence was worthy of the cause. It was made to nobles and it was made to bishops, and it failed. But it does not rest with subordinate functionaries abroad, it does not rest with the Executive Government, it does not rest with the House of Lords, finally, and in the last resort, to say what shall be the policy of England, and to what purpose her power shall be directed. Sir, that function lies within these walls. Every member of the House of Commons is proudly conscious that he belongs to an assembly, which in its collective capacity is the paramount power of the State. But if it is the paramount power of the State, it can never separate from that paramount power a similar and paramount responsibility. The vote of the House of Lords will not acquit us; the sentence of the Government will not acquit us. It is with us that it lies to determine, whether this wrong shall remain unchecked and uncorrected; and in a time when sentiments are so much divided, every man, I trust, will give his vote with the recollection and the consciousness, that it may depend upon his single vote whether the miseries, the crimes, the atrocities that I fear are now proceeding in China, are to be discountenanced or not. We have now come to the crisis of the case. England is not yet committed. But if an adverse division reject the motion of my hon. friend to-morrow morning, England will have been committed. With every one of us it rests to show that this House, which is the first, the most ancient, and the noblest temple of freedom in the world, is also the temple of that everlasting justice, without which freedom itself would be only a name, or only a curse to mankind. And, Sir, I cherish the trust and belief, that when you rise in your place to-night, to declare the numbers of the division from the chair which you adorn, the words which you speak will go forth from the walls of the House of Commons, as a message of mercy and peace, but also as a message of prudence and true wisdom, to the farthest corners of the world.

Speech after the Declaration of War with Russia.

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MARCH, 1854.

JOHN BRIGHT.

But I come now to another point. How are the interests of England involved in this question? This is, after all, the great matter which we, the representatives of the people of England, have to consider. It is not a question of sympathy with any other state. I have sympathy with Turkey; I have sympathy with the serfs of Russia; I have sympathy with the people of Hungary, whose envoy the noble lord the member for Tiverton refused to see, and the overthrow of whose struggle for freedom by the armies of Russia he needlessly justified in this House; I have sympathy with the Italians, subjects of Austria, Naples, and the Pope; I have sympathy with the three millions of slaves in the United States; but it is not on a question of sympathy that I dare involve this country, or any country, in a war which must cost an incalculable amount of treasure and of blood. It is not our duty to make this country the knight-errant of the human race, and to take upon ourselves the protection of the thousand millions of human beings who have been permitted by the Creator of all things to people this planet.

The hon. member for Aylesbury spoke of our triumphant position—the position in which the Government has placed us by pledging this country to support the Turks. I see nothing like a triumph in the fact, that in addition to our many duties to our own country, we have accepted the defence of twenty millions or more of the people of Turkey, on whose behalf, but, I believe, not for their benefit, we are about to sacrifice the blood and treasure of England. But there are other penalties and other considerations. With regard to trade, I can speak with some authority as to the state of things in Lancashire. The Russian trade is not only at an end, but it is made an offence against the law to deal with any of our customers in Russia. The German trade is most injuriously affected by the uncertainty which prevails on the Continent

of Europe. The Levant trade, a very important branch, is almost extinguished in the present state of affairs in Greece, Turkey-in-Europe, and Syria. All property in trade is diminishing in value, whilst its burdens are increasing.

I do not pretend to ask the hon. member for Aylesbury (Mr. Layard) to put these losses, these great destructions of property, against the satisfaction he feels at the "triumphant position" at which we have arrived. He may content himself with the dream that we are supporting the "integrity and independence" of Turkey, though I doubt whether bringing three foreign armies on her soil, raising insurrections in her provinces, and hopelessly exhausting her finances, is a rational mode of maintaining her as an independent power. But we are sending out 30,000 troops to Turkey, and in that number are not included the men serving on board the fleets. Here are 30,000 lives! There is a thrill of horror sometimes when a single life is lost, and we sigh at the loss of a friend,—or of a casual acquaintance! But here we are in danger of losing, and I give the opinions of military men, and not my own merely—10,000 or it may be 20,000 lives, that may be sacrificed in this struggle. I have never pretended to any sympathy for the military profession, but I have sympathy for my fellow-men and fellow-countrymen, wherever they may be. I have heard very melancholy accounts of the scenes which have been witnessed in the separations from families occasioned by this expedition to the East. But, it will be said, and probably the noble lord the member for Tiverton will say, that it is a just war, a glorious war, and that I am full of morbid sentimentality, and that I have introduced topics not worthy to be mentioned in Parliament. But these are matters affecting the happiness of the homes of England; and we, who are the representatives and guardians of those homes, when the grand question of war is before us, should know at least that we have a case—that success is probable—and that an object is attainable commensurate with the cost of war.

I am told indeed that the war is popular, and that it is foolish and eccentric to oppose it. I do not trouble myself whether my conduct in Parliament is popular or not. I care only that it shall be wise and just as regards the permanent interests of my country; and I despise from the bottom of my

heart the man who speaks a word in favour of this war, or of any war which he believes might have been avoided, merely because the press and a portion of the people urge the Government to carry it on.

I believe if this country, seventy years ago, had adopted the principle of non-intervention in every case where her interests were not directly and obviously assailed, she would have been saved from much of the pauperism and brutal crimes by which our government and people have alike been disgraced. This country might have been a garden, every dwelling might have been of marble, and every person who treads its soil might have been sufficiently educated. We should indeed have had less of military glory. We might have had neither Trafalgar nor Waterloo; but we should have set a high example of a Christian nation, free in its institutions, courteous and just in its conduct towards all foreign states, and resting its policy on the unchangeable foundation of Christian morality.

Knowledge and the Aspiration of Youth.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

As civilization has gradually progressed, it has equalized the physical qualities of man. Instead of the strong arm, it is the strong head that is now the moving principle of society. You have disenthroned force, and placed on her high seat intelligence; and the necessary consequence of this great revolution is, that it has become the duty and delight equally of every citizen to cultivate his faculties. The prince of all philosophy has told you, in immortal apophthegm, so familiar to you all [that it is now written in your halls and chambers,] "Knowledge is power." If the memorable passage had been pursued by the student who first announced the discovery of that great man to society; he would have found an oracle not less striking, and in my mind certainly not less true; for Lord Bacon has not only said that "Knowledge is power," but living one century after the discovery of the printing-press, he has also announced to the world that "Knowledge is pleasure."

Why, when the great body of mankind had become familiar with this great discovery—when they learned that a new source was opened to them of influence and enjoyment, is it wonderful that from that hour the heart of nations has palpitated with the desire of becoming acquainted with all that has happened, and with speculating on what may occur? It has indeed produced upon the popular intellect an influence as great—I might say analogous to—the great change which was produced upon the old commercial world by the discovery of the Americas. A new standard of value was introduced, and, after this, to be distinguished, man must be intellectual. Nor, indeed, am I surprised that this feeling has so powerfully influenced our race; for the idea that human happiness is dependent on the cultivation of the mind, and on the discovery of truth, is, next to the conviction of our immortality, the idea the most full of consolation to man; for the cultivation of the mind has no limits, and truth is the only thing that is eternal. Indeed, when you consider what a man is who knows only what is passing under his own eyes, and what the condition of the same man must be who belongs to an Institution like the one which has assembled us together to-night, is it—ought it to be—a matter of surprise that, from that moment to the present, you have had a general feeling throughout the civilized world in favour of a diffusion of knowledge? A man who knows nothing but the history of the passing hour, who knows nothing of the history of the past, but that a certain person whose brain was as vacant as his own occupied the same house as himself, who in a moment of despondency or of gloom has no hope in the morrow because he has read nothing that has taught him that the morrow has any changes—that man, compared with him who has read the most ordinary abridgement of history, or the most common philosophical speculation, is as distinct and different an animal as if he had fallen from some other planet, was influenced by a different organization, working for a different end, and hoping for a different result. It is knowledge that equalizes the social condition of man—that gives to all, however different their political position, passions which are in common, and enjoyments which are universal. Knowledge is like the mystic ladder in the patriarch's dream. Its base rests on the prime-

val earth—its crest is lost in the shadowy splendour or empyrean ; while the great authors who for traditionary ages have held the chain of science and philosophy, of poesy and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending the sacred scale, and maintaining, as it were, the communication between man and heaven.

Speech on Parliamentary Reform, delivered in the House of Commons, 1831.

T. B. MACAULAY.

The question of Parliamentary Reform is still behind. But signs, of which it is impossible to misconceive the import, do most clearly indicate, that unless that question also be speedily settled, property and order, and all the institutions of this great monarchy, will be exposed to fearful peril. Is it possible that gentlemen, long versed in high political affairs, cannot read these signs ? Is it possible that they can really believe that the representative system of England, such as it is now, will last till the year 1860 ? If not, for what would they have us wait ? Would they have us wait merely that we may show to all the world how little we have profited by our own recent experience ! Would they have us wait that we may once again hit the exact point where we can neither refuse with authority nor concede with grace ? Would they have us wait that the numbers of the discontented party may become larger, its demands higher, its feelings more acrimonious, its organisation more complete ! Would they have us wait till the whole tragi-comedy of 1827 has been acted over again,—till they have been brought into office by a cry of “ No Reform ! ” to be reformers, as they were once before brought into office by a cry of “ No Popery ! ” to be emancipators ! Have they obliterated from their minds—gladly perhaps would some among them obliterate from their minds—the transactions of that year ? And have they forgotten all the transactions of the succeeding year ? Have they forgotten how the spirit of liberty in Ireland, debarred from its natural outlet, found a vent by forbidden passages ? Have they forgotten how we

were forced to indulge them in all the license of rebels, merely because we chose to withhold from them the liberties of subjects? Do they wait for associations more formidable than that of the Corn Exchange—for contributions larger than the rent—for agitators more violent than those who, three years ago, divided with the King and the Parliament the sovereignty of Ireland. Do they wait for the last and most dreadful paroxysm of popular rage—for that last and most cruel test of military fidelity?

Let them wait, if their past experience shall induce them to think that any high honour or any exquisite pleasure is to be obtained by a policy like this. Let them wait, if this strange and fearful infatuation be indeed upon them,—that they should not see with their eyes, or hear with their ears, or understand with their heart. But let us know our interest and our duty better; turn where we may,—within, around,—the voice of great events is proclaiming to us reform, that we may preserve. Now, therefore, while everything at home and abroad forebodes ruin to those who persist in a hopeless struggle against the spirit of the age,—now while the crash of the proudest thrones of the continent is still resounding in our ears,—now, while the roof of a British palace affords an ignominious shelter to the exiled heir of forty kings,—now, while we see on every side ancient institutions subverted and great societies dissolved,—now, while the heart of England is still sound,—now, while the old feelings and the old associations retain a power and a charm which may too soon pass away,—now, in this, your accepted time,—now, in this, your day of salvation, take counsel, not of prejudice, not of party spirit, not of the ignominious pride of a fatal consistency, but of history, of reason, of the ages which are past, of the signs of this most portentous time. Pronounce in a manner worthy of the expectation with which this great debate has been anticipated, and of the long remembrance which it will leave behind. Renew the youth of the state. Save property divided against itself. Save the multitude, endangered by their own ungovernable passions. Save the aristocracy, endangered by its own unpopular power. Save the greatest, the finest, and most highly civilized community that ever existed, from calamities which may in a few days sweep away all the rich

heritage of so many ages of wisdom and glory. The danger is terrible. The time is short. If this bill should be rejected, I pray to God that none of those who concur in rejecting it may ever remember their votes with unavailing regret, amidst the wreck of laws, the confusion of ranks, the spoliation of property, and the dissolution of social order.

NARRATIVE.

The Three Cherry-Stones.

When I was a schoolboy, more than fifty years ago, I remembered to have read a story, which may have been a fiction, but which was very naturally told, and made a deep impression upon me then. I will endeavour to draw it forth from the locker of my memory, and relate it as nearly as I can recollect.

Three young gentlemen, who had finished the most substantial part of their repast, were lingering over their fruit and wine at a tavern in London, when a man of middle age and middle stature entered the public room where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table, and calling the waiter, ordered a simple mutton chop and a glass of ale. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was beginning to be thin and grey; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight touch, perhaps, of melancholy; and he wore a grey surtout with a standing collar, which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not—just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving-man. He might be taken, plausibly enough, for a country magistrate, or an attorney of limited practice, or a schoolmaster.

He continued to masticate his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a cherry-stone, sportively snapped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon his right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready intelligence gathered from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party that this petty impertinence was intentional.

The stranger stooped and picked up the cherry-stone, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features as he carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and placed it in his pocket. This singular procedure, with their preconceived impressions of their customer, somewhat elevated as the young gentlemen were by the wine they had partaken of, capsized their gravity entirely, and a burst of irresistible laughter proceeded from the group.

Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another cherry-stone, from the same hand, struck him upon the right elbow. This also, to the infinite amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor and carefully deposited with the first.

Amidst shouts of laughter, a third cherry-stone was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This also he very deliberately took from the floor, and deposited with the other two.

As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gaiety of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this. Lavater would not have been able to detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment upon the features of the stranger. He seemed a little taller, to be sure, and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect. He walked to the table at which they were sitting, and with that air of dignified calmness which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no less than offer his own in return. While the stranger unclosed his surtout, to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief enquiry at the bar was sufficient for the rest. He was a captain whom ill-health and long service had entitled to half-pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several affairs of honour, and, in the dialect of the fancy, was a dead shot.

The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge in form, and one of the cherry-stones. The truth then flashed before the challenged party—it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry—three separate affairs out of this unwarrantable frolic !

The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had half decided upon the small sword ; but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor in the use of that weapon.

They met, and fired alternately, by lot—the young man had selected this mode, thinking he might win the first fire—he did—fired, and missed his opponent. The captain levelled his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the flap of the right ear, and grazed the bone ; and, as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to the place, he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the cherry-stone had fallen. Here ended the first lesson. A month had passed. His friends cherished the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain, when another note—a challenge, of course—and another of those ominous cherry-stones arrived, with the captain's apology, on the score of ill-health, for not sending it before.

Again they met—fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was unhurt, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist—the very point on which he had been struck by the cherry-stone ; and here ended the second lesson. There was something awfully impressive in the *modus operandi* and exquisite skill of his antagonist. The third cherry-stone was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast. A month had passed—another—and another, of terrible suspense ; but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined to his lodging by illness.

At length, the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels once more presented himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the cherry-stones. The note was superscribed in the captain's well-known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote feebly. There was an unusual solemnity also in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the cherry-stone in a blank envelope.

"And what, sir, am I to understand by this?" inquired the aggressor.

"You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you—he is dead."

An Attic Philosopher in Paris.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

I had reached one of the remote streets, in which those who would live in comfort and without ostentation, and who love serious reflection, delight to find a home. There were no shops along the dimly lit pavement; one heard no sounds but of the distant carriages, and of the steps of some of the inhabitants returning quietly home.

I instantly recognised the street, though I had only been there once before.

That was two years ago. I was walking at the time by the side of the Seine, to which the lights on the quays and bridges gave the aspect of a lake surrounded by a garland of stars; and I had reached the Louvre, when I was stopped by a crowd collected near the parapet: they had gathered round a child of about six, who was crying, and I asked the cause of his tears.

"It seems that he was sent to walk in the Tuilleries," said a mason, who was returning from his work with his trowel in his hand; "the servant who took care of him met with some friends there, and told the child to wait for him while he went to get a drink; but I suppose the drink made him more thirsty, for he has not come back, and the child cannot find his way home."

"Why do they not ask him his name, and where he lives?"

"They have been doing it for the last hour; but all he can say is, that he is called Charles, and that his father is M. Duval—there are twelve hundred Duvals in Paris."

"Then he does not know in what part of the town he lives?"

"I should think not, indeed! Don't you see that he is a gentleman's child? He has never gone out except in a carriage, or with a servant; he does not know what to do by himself."

Here the mason was interrupted by some of the voices rising above the others.

"We cannot leave him in the street," said some.

"The child-stealers would carry him off," continued others.

"We must take him to the overseer."

"Or to the police-office."

"That's the thing—come, little one!"

But the child, frightened by these suggestions of danger, and at the names of police and overseer, cried louder, and drew back towards the parapet. In vain they tried to persuade him; his fears made him resist the more, and the most eager began to get weary, when the voice of a little boy was heard through the confusion.

"I know him well—I do," said he, looking at the lost child; "he belongs to our part of the town."

"What part is it?"

"Yonder, on the other side of the Boulevards: *Rue des Magasins*."

"And you have seen him before?"

"Yes, yes! he belongs to the great house at the end of the street, where there is an iron gate with gilt points."

The child quickly raised his head, and stopped crying. The little boy answered all the questions that were put to him, and gave such details as left no room for doubt. The other child understood him, for he went up to him as if to put himself under his protection.

"Then you can take him to his parents?" asked the mason, who had listened with real interest to the little boy's account.

"I don't care if I do," replied he; "it's the way I'm going."

"Then you will take charge of him?"

"He has only to come with me."

And, taking up the basket he had put down on the pavement, he set off towards the postern gate of the Louvre.

The lost child followed him.

"I hope he will take him right," said I, when I saw them go away.

"Never fear," replied the mason; "the little one in the blouse is the same age as the other; but, as the saying is, 'he knows black from white;' poverty, you see, is a famous schoolmistress!"

The crowd dispersed ; for my part, I went towards the Louvre : the thought came into my head to follow the two children, so as to guard against any mistake.

I was not long in overtaking them ; they were walking side by side, talking, and already quite familiar with one another. The contrast in their dress then struck me. Little Duval wore one of those fanciful children's dresses which are expensive as well as in good taste ; his coat was skilfully fitted to his figure, his trousers came down in plaits from the waist to his boots of polished leather with mother-of-pearl buttons, and his ringlets were half hid by a velvet cap. The appearance of his guide, on the contrary, was that of the class who dwell on the extreme borders of poverty, but who there maintain their ground with no surrender. His old blouse, patched with pieces of different shades, indicated the perseverance of an industrious mother struggling against the wear and tear of time ; his trousers were become too short, and showed his stockings darned over and over again ; and it was evident that his shoes were not made for him.

The countenances of the two children were not less different than their dresses. That of the first was delicate and refined ; his clear blue eye, his fair skin, and his smiling mouth, gave him a charming look of innocence and happiness : the features of the other, on the contrary, had something rough in them ; his eye was quick and lively, his complexion dark, his smile less merry than shrewd ; all showed a mind sharpened by too early experience : he boldly walked through the middle of the streets thronged by carriages, and followed their countless turnings without hesitation.

I found, on asking him, that every day he carried dinner to his father, who was then working on the left bank of the Seine ; and this responsible duty had made him careful and prudent. He had learned those hard but forcible lessons of necessity which nothing can equal, or supply the place of. Unfortunately the wants of his poor family had kept him from school, and he seemed to feel the loss ; for he often stopped before the print-shops, and asked his companion to read him the names of the engravings. In this way we reached the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, which the little wanderer seemed to know again ; notwithstanding his fatigue, he hurried on ; he was agitated by

mixed feelings ; at the sight of his house he uttered a cry, and ran towards the iron gate with the gilt points ; a lady who was standing at the entrance received him in her arms, and from the exclamations of joy, and the sound of kisses, I soon perceived she was his mother.

Not seeing either the servant or child return, she had sent in search of them in every direction, and was waiting for them in intense anxiety.

I explained to her in a few words what had happened ; she thanked me warmly, and looked round for the little boy who had recognised and brought back her son, but while we were talking, he had disappeared.

It was for the first time since then, that I had come into this part of Paris. Did the mother continue grateful ? Had the children met again, and had the happy chance of their first meeting lowered between them that barrier which may mark the different ranks of men, but should not divide them ?

While putting these questions to myself, I slackened my pace, and fixed my eyes on the great gate which I just perceived. All at once I saw it open, and two children appeared at the entrance. Although much grown, I recognised them at first sight ; they were the child who was found near the parapet of the Louvre, and his young guide. But the dress of the latter was greatly changed : his blouse of grey cloth was neat, and even spruce, and was fastened round the waist by a polished leather belt ; he wore strong shoes, but made to his feet, and had on a new cloth cap.

Just at the moment I saw him, he held in his two hands an enormous bunch of lilacs, to which his companion was trying to add narcissuses and primroses ; the two children laughed, and parted with a friendly good-bye. M. Duval's son did not go in till he had seen the other turn the corner of the street.

Then I accosted the latter, and reminded him of our former meeting ; he looked at me for a moment, and then seemed to recollect me.

"Forgive me if I do not make you a bow," said he merrily ; "but I want both my hands for the nosegay Mr. Charles has given me."

"You are, then, become great friends ?" said I.

"Oh ! I should think so," said the child : "and now my father is rich, too !"

"How's that?"

"M. Duval lent him a little money; he has taken a shop, where he works on his own account: and, as for me, I go to school."

"Yes," replied I, remarking for the first time the cross which decorated his little coat; "and I see that you are head-boy!"

"Mr. Charles helps me to learn, and so I am come to be the first in the class."

"Are you now going to your lessons?"

"Yes, and he has given me some lilacs; for he has a garden where we play together, and where my mother can always have flowers."

"Then it is the same as if it were partly your own."

"So it is! Ah! they are good neighbours, indeed! But here I am; good-bye, sir."

He nodded to me with a smile, and disappeared.

I went on with my walk, still pensive, but with a feeling of relief. If I had elsewhere witnessed the painful contrast between affluence and want, here I had found the true union of riches and poverty. Hearty good-will had smothered down the more rugged inequalities on both sides, and had opened a road of true neighbourhood and fellowship between the humble workshop and the stately mansion. Instead of hearkening to the voice of interest, they had both listened to that of self-sacrifice, and there was no place left for contempt or envy. Thus, instead of the beggar in rags, that I had seen at the other door cursing the rich man, I had found here the happy child of the labourer loaded with flowers, and blessing him! The problem, so difficult and so dangerous to examine into with no regard but for the rights of it, I had just seen solved by love.

DESCRIPTIVE.

Copperfield's Houskeeping.

I doubt whether two young birds could have known less about keeping house, than I and my pretty Dora did. We had a servant, of course. She kept house for us.

Her name was Paragon. Her nature was represented to us, when we engaged her, as being feebly expressed in her name. She had a written character, as large as a proclamation; and, according to this document, could do everything of a domestic nature that ever I heard of, and a great many things that I never did hear of. She was a woman in the prime of life; of a severe countenance; and subject (particularly in the arms) to a sort of perpetual measles or fiery rash. She had a cousin in the Life Guards, with such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else. His shell-jacket was as much too little for him as he was too big for the premises. He made the cottage smaller than it need have been, by being so very much out of proportion to it. Besides which, the walls were not thick, and whenever he passed the evening at our house, we always knew of it by hearing one continued growl in the kitchen.

Our treasure was warranted sober and honest. I am therefore willing to believe that she was in a fit when we found her under the boiler; and that the deficient teaspoons were attributable to the dustman.

But she preyed upon our minds dreadfully. We felt our inexperience, and were unable to help ourselves. We should have been at her mercy, if she had any; but she was a remorseless woman, and had none.

* * * * *

The next domestic trial we went through, was the Ordeal of Servants. Mary Anne's cousin deserted into our coal-hole, and was brought out, to our great amazement, by a piquet of his companions in arms, who took him away handcuffed in a procession that covered our front-garden with ignominy. This nerved me to get rid of Mary Anne, who went so mildly, on receipt of wages, that I was surprised, until I found out about the teaspoons, and also about the little sums she had borrowed in my name of the tradespeople without authority. After an interval of Mrs. Kidgerbury—the oldest inhabitant of Kentish Town, I believe, who went out charing, but was too feeble to execute her conceptions of that art—we found another treasure, who was one of the most amiable of women, but who generally made a point of falling either up or down the kitchen

stairs with the tray, and almost plunged into the parlour, as into a bath, with the tea-things. The ravages committed by this unfortunate, rendering her dismissal necessary, she was succeeded (with intervals of Mrs. Kidgerbury) by a long line of Incapables; terminating in a young person of genteel appearance, who went to Greenwich Fair in Dora's bonnet. After whom I remember nothing but an average equality of failure.

Everybody we had anything to do with seemed to cheat us. Our appearance in a shop was a signal for the damaged goods to be brought out immediately. If we bought a lobster, it was full of water. All our meat turned out to be tough, and there was hardly any crust to our loaves. In search of the principle on which joints ought to be roasted, to be roasted enough, and not too much, I myself referred to the Cookery Book, and found it there established as the allowance of a quarter of an hour to every pound, and say a quarter over. But the principle always failed us by some curious fatality, and we never could hit any medium between redness and cinders.

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One of our first feats in the housekeeping way was a little dinner to Traddles. I met him in town, and asked him to walk out with me that afternoon. He readily consenting, I wrote to Dora, saying I would bring him home. It was pleasant weather, and on the road we made my domestic happiness the theme of conversation. Traddles was very full of it; and said that, picturing himself with such a home, and Sophy waiting and preparing for him, he could think of nothing wanting to complete his bliss.

I could not have wished for a prettier little wife at the opposite end of the table, but I certainly could have wished, when we sate down, for a little more room. I did not know how it was, but though there were only two of us, we were at once always cramped for room, and yet had always room enough to lose everything in. I suspect it may have been because nothing had a place of its own, except Jip's pagoda, which invariably blocked up the main thoroughfare. On the present occasion, Traddles was so hemmed in by the pagoda and the guitar-case, and Dora's flower-painting, and my writing-table, that I had serious doubts of the possibility of his

using his knife and fork ; but he protested, with his own good-humour, "Oceans of room, Copperfield ! I assure you, Oceans !"

There was another thing I could have wished, namely, that Jip had never been encouraged to walk about the table-cloth during dinner. I began to think there was something disorderly in his being there at all, even if he had not been in the habit of putting his foot in the salt or the melted-butter. On this occasion he seemed to think he was introduced expressly to keep Traddles at bay ; and he barked at my old friend, and made short runs at his plate, with such undaunted pertinacity, that he may be said to have engrossed the conversation.

However, as I knew how tender-hearted my dear Dora was, and how sensitive she would be to any slight upon her favourite, I hinted no objection. For similar reasons I made no allusion to the skirmishing plates upon the floor ; or to the disreputable appearance of the castors, which were all at sixes and sevens, and looked drunk ; or to the further blockade of Traddles by wandering vegetable dishes and jugs. I could not help wondering in my own mind, as I contemplated the boiled leg of mutton before me, previous to carving it, how it came to pass that our joints of meat were of such extraordinary shapes—and whether our butcher contracted for all the deformed sheep that came into the world ; but I kept my reflections to myself.

"My love," said I to Dora, "what have you got in that dish?"

I could not imagine why Dora had been making tempting little faces at me, as if she wanted to kiss me.

"Oysters, dear," said Dora, timidly.

"Was that *your* thought?" said I, delighted.

"Ye-yes, Doady," said Dora.

"There never was a happier one !" I exclaimed, laying down the carving-knife and fork. "There is nothing Traddles likes so much !"

"Ye-yes, Doady," said Dora, "and so I bought a beautiful little barrel of them, and the man said they were very good. But I—I am afraid there's something the matter with them. They don't seem right." Here Dora shook her head, and diamonds twinkled in her eyes.

"They are only opened in both shells," said I. "Take the top one off, my love."

"But it won't come off," said Dora, trying very hard, and looking very much distressed.

"Do you know, Copperfield," said Traddles, cheerfully examining the dish, "I think it is in consequence—they are capital oysters, but I *think* it is in consequence—of their never having been opened."

They never had been opened; and we had no oyster-knives—and couldn't have used them if we had; so we looked at the oysters and ate the mutton. At least we ate as much of it as was done, and made up with capers. If I had permitted him, I am satisfied that Traddles would have made a perfect savage of himself, and eaten a plateful of raw meat, to express enjoyment of the repast; but I would hear of no such immolation on the altar of friendship; and we had a course of bacon instead; there happening, by good fortune, to be cold bacon in the larder.

My poor little wife was in such affliction when she thought I should be annoyed, and in such a state of joy when she found I was not, that the discomfiture I had subdued very soon vanished, and we passed a happy evening; Dora sitting with her arm on my chair while Traddles and I discussed a glass of wine, and taking every opportunity of whispering in my ear that it was so good of me not to be a cruel, cross old boy. By and bye she made tea for us; which it was so pretty to see her do, as if she was busying herself with a set of doll's tea-things, that I was not particular about the quality of the beverage. Then Traddles and I played a game or two at cribbage; and Dora singing to the guitar the while, it seemed to me as if our courtship and marriage were a tender dream of mine, and the night when I first listened to her voice were not yet over.

A City by Night.

It is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamp-light, struggling up through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of

Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers under truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein*?—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them;—crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: such work goes on under that smoke counterpane!—But I sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars.

Coverley Hall.

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance : as I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons ; for, as the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants ; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him ; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master ; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with the mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them,

all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with : on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation : he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humourist ; and that his virtues as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and without staying for my answer told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University, to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, and sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of back-gammon. My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it : I have given him the parsonage of the parish ; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives

me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them : if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision ; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment (which I think never happened above once or twice at most) they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us ; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice ; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example ; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

The Coverley Sabbath.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a "human" institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing ; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular ; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book : and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms ; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself ; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out

upon these occasions ; sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it ; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer ; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight (though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life), has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour ; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church,—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place ; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson

is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man on an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

Skating Experiences.

"Now," said Wardle, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more down stairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice ; Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies ; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone ; "off with you, and show 'm how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop !" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam !"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir !"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates ; ain't they, Sam ?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come ; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off !"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most

affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear Mr. Pickwick calling? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

Mr. Pickwick beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:—

"You're an imposter, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An imposter, sir."

With those words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

"Sliding looks a nice warm exercise, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along!" And away went the good tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves, and put them in his hat; took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A

large mass of ice disappeared ; the water bubbled up over it ; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface ; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, the males turned pale, and the females fainted. Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness ; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire !" with all his might.

It was at this moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant !" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do ; let me implore you—for my sake !" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The abjuration was rather unnecessary ; the probability being, that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow ?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement ; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing !" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle ; "and

when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour, pausing not an instant until he was snug in bed.

The Death of Little Dombey.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it, and watching everything about him, with observing eyes. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand; and when he saw it coming on resistless, he cried out! But a word from his sister Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

The people round him changed unaccountably—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been the doctors was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. And

Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure, with its head upon its hand, returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real; and, in the night-time, saw it sitting there, with fear.

"Floy," he said, "what is that?" "Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of the bed." "There's nothing there, except papa!" The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said—"My own boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face, and thought, Was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and, before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark, dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him; Paul never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether they were many days, or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no—the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling; why?" "Did I never see any kind face, like a mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh yes, dear!" "Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's; often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. "Show

me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!" "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."—"Thank you, Floy!"

Little Dombey closed his eyes, and fell asleep. But he soon awoke—woke mind and body, and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no grey mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind good face," said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

"Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy; I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. . . . The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first parents, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—

Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

A Shipwreck at Yarmouth.

1. There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber, when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell—off a tower and down a precipice—into the depths of sleep. I have an impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length, I lost that feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I don't know, at the siege of some town in a roar of cannonading.

2. The thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion and awoke. It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, in lieu of the batteries, and someone knocking and calling at my door.

“What is the matter?” I cried.

“A wreck! close by!”

I sprang out of bed, and asked, “What wreck?”

“A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment.”

The excited voice went clamouring along the staircase, and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

3. Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half-a-dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore

the expression of being *swelled*; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

4. In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next to me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it close in upon us!

5. One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

6. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships; and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

7. There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends

towards the shore, now nothing but her keel as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang, and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned and clasped their hands; women shrieked and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

8. They were making out to me in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

9. I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face and his look out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms, and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand.

10. Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly-desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If't ain't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you and bless all! Mates, make me ready. I'm a-going off."

11. I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance,

where the people around me made me stay ; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered or what they rejoined ; but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trowsers ; a rope in his hand or slung to his wrist ; another round his body ; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

12. The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on—not unlike a sailor's cap, but of a finer colour ; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

13. Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water—rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam, then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood ; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

14. And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigor-

ous strokes he would be clinging to it, when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

15. Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead! He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried. But he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

16. As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me,—

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing.

17. But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind, among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school: Steerforth.

A Rainy Sunday in an Inn.

From "Bracebridge Hall," Washington Irving's English novel.

1. It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was

still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound.

2. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye, but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day.

3. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself. Everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled, like boon-companions, round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

4. I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a

vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

5. The day continued lowering and gloomy: the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along: there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing—if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day—when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steam of wet box-coats and upper ben-jamins.

6. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and the carrot-headed hostler and that nondescript animal yclept Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn. But the bustle was transient: the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

7. The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps—that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for Boots and the chamber-maid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers.

8. There was only one man left—a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port-wine negus and a spoon, sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and

cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain—drop, drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

The Sky.

1. It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works ; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

2. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization ; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing, scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

3. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by a few ; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them ; he injures them by his presence ; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all ; bright as it is, it is not “too bright nor good for human nature’s daily food ;” it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart ; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and

dust. Sometimes gentle, sometime capricious, sometimes awful ; never the same for two moments together ; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost Divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

4. And yet we never attend to it ; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations ; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.

5. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of ? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday ? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain ? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it, like withered leaves ?

6. All has passed unregretted or unseen ; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary ; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning.

7. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual ; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood ; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary

eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once;—it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

An M.P.'s Private Secretary.

"I brought this card from the General Agency Office, sir," said Nicholas, "wishing to offer myself as your Secretary."

"That's all you have come for, is it?" said Mr. Gregsbury. "You have no connection with any of those rascally newspapers, have you? You didn't get into the room to hear what was going forward, and put it in print, eh?"

"I have no connection, I am sorry to say, with anything at present," rejoined Nicholas,—politely enough, but quite at his ease.

"Oh!" said Mr. Gregsbury. "Sit down.—You want to be my Secretary, do you?"

"I wish to be employed in that capacity, sir."

"Well, now, what can you do?"

"I suppose," replied Nicholas, smiling, "that I can do what falls usually to the lot of other secretaries."

"What's that?"

"A secretary's duties are rather difficult to define, perhaps. They include, I presume, correspondence?"

"Good," interposed Mr. Gregsbury.

"The arrangement of papers and documents. Occasionally, perhaps, the writing from your dictation; and possibly, sir," said Nicholas with a half-smile, "the copying of your speech for some public journal, when you have made one of more than usual importance."

"Certainly, certainly! What else?"

"Really, I am not able, at this instant, to recapitulate any other duty of a Secretary, beyond the general one of making himself as agreeable and useful to his employer as he can, consistently with his own respectability; without overstepping that line of duties which he undertakes to perform, and which the designation of his office is usually understood to imply."

"This is all very well, Mr. — What is your name?"

"Nickleby."

"This is all very well, Mr. Nickleby ; and very proper so far as it goes—so far as it goes,—but it doesn't go far enough. There are other duties, Mr. Nickleby, which a Secretary to a Parliamentary Gentleman must never lose sight of. I should require to be crammed, sir."

"May I beg your pardon, if I inquire what you mean, sir?"

"My meaning, sir, is perfectly plain. My Secretary would have to make himself master of the Foreign Policy of the world as it is mirrored in the newspapers ; to run his eye over all accounts of public meetings—all leading articles—and accounts of the proceedings of public bodies ; and to make notes of anything which it appeared to him might be made a point of, in any little speech upon the question of some petition lying on the table, or anything of that kind. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, sir."

"Then, it would be necessary for him to make himself acquainted, from day to day, with newspaper paragraphs on passing events ; such as, 'Mysterious Disappearance and Supposed Suicide of a Potboy,'—or anything of that sort, upon which I might found a question to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Then, he would have to copy the question, and as much as I remembered of the answer (including a little compliment about independence and good sense) ; and to send the manuscript to the local paper, with perhaps half-a-dozen lines of leader, to the effect that I was always to be found in my place in Parliament, and never shrunk from the responsible and arduous duties, and so forth. You see?"

—Nicholas bowed.—"Besides which, I should expect him, now and then, to go through a few figures in the Printed Tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on Timber-duty questions, and Finance questions, and so on ; and I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a Return to Cash Payments and a Metallic Currency, with a touch now and then about the Exportation of Bullion, and the Emperor of Russia,—and bank notes,—and all that kind of thing ; which it's only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody understands it. Do you take me?"

"I think I understand."

"With regard to such questions as are not political, and which one can't be expected to care about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves—else where are our privileges?—I should wish my Secretary to get together a few little flourishing speeches of a patriotic cast. For instance, if any preposterous Bill were brought forward for giving poor grubbing authors a right to their own property, I should like to say that I, for one, would never consent to opposing an insurmountable bar to the diffusion of literature among *the people*,—you understand?—that the creations of the pocket, being man's, might belong to one man, or one family; but that the creations of the brain, being God's, ought, as a matter of course, to belong to the people at large—and, if I was pleasantly disposed, I should like to make a joke about posterity, and say that those who wrote for posterity should be content to be rewarded by the approbation of posterity; it might take with the House, and could never do me any harm, because posterity can't be expected to know anything about me, or my jokes either—do you see?"

"I see that, sir," replied Nicholas.

"You must always bear in mind, in such cases as this, where our interests are not affected, to put it very strong about the People, because it comes out very well at election-time; and you could be as funny as you liked about the Authors; because I believe the greater part of them live in lodgings, and are not voters. This is a hasty outline of the chief things you'd have to do,—except waiting in the Lobby every night, in case I forgot anything, and should want fresh cramming; and, now and then, during great debates, sitting in the front row of the gallery, and saying to the people about—'You see that gentleman, with his hand to his face, and his arm twisted round the pillar—that's Mr. Gregsbury—the celebrated Mr. Gregsbury,'—with any other little eulogium that might strike you at the moment. And for salary, I don't mind saying at once in round numbers, to prevent any dissatisfaction—though it's more than I've been accustomed to give—fifteen shillings a week, and find yourself. There!"

With this handsome offer, Mr. Gregsbury once more threw himself back in his chair, and looked like a man who had been most profligately liberal, but is determined not to repent of it notwithstanding.

"Fifteen shillings a week is not much," said Nicholas mildly.

"Not much! Fifteen shillings a week not much, young man! Fifteen shillings a——"

"Pray do not suppose that I quarrel with the sum, sir, for I am not ashamed to confess that, whatever it may be in itself, to me it is a great deal. But the duties and responsibilities make the recompense small, and they are so very heavy that I fear to undertake them."

"Do you decline to undertake them, sir?" inquired Mr. Gregsbury, with his hand on the bell-rope.

"I fear they are too great for my powers, however good my will may be, sir."

"That is as much as to say that you had rather not accept the place, and that you consider fifteen shillings a week too little. Do you decline it, sir?"

"I have no alternative but to do so."

"Door, Matthews!" said Mr. Gregsbury, as his servant appeared.

"I am sorry I have troubled you unnecessarily, sir."

"I am sorry you have," rejoined Mr. Gregsbury, turning his back. "Door, Matthews!"

"Good morning, sir."

"Door, Matthews!"

The boy beckoned Nicholas, and, tumbling lazily downstairs before him, opened the door, and ushered him into the street.

INDEX TO AUTHORS.

ADDISON, JOSEPH.

The Coverley Hall, 212

" " Sabbath, 215

ANONYMOUS.

The Bishop and the Caterpillar,
144

Human Nature, 154

The Three Cherry-stones, 199

BRIGHT, JOHN.

On War, 193

BUCHANAN, ROBERT.

An Old Dominie's Story, 127

BURNS, ROBERT.

Honest Poverty, 123

To a Mouse, 122

BYRON, LORD.

The Field of Waterloo, 155

CARROLL, LEWIS.

The Walrus and the Carpenter,
182

CARLYLE, THOMAS.

A City by Night, 210

COLERIDGE, S. T.

Hymn to Sunrise, 124

COLLINS, WILLIAM.

The Passions, 25

COWPER, WILLIAM.

Contest between Nose and Eyes,
186

DICKENS, CHARLES.

The Children, 114

An M.P.'s Secretary, 234

The Death of Paul Dombey, 222

Skating Experiences, 217

Copperfield's Housekeeping, 206

A Shipwreck at Yarmouth, 225

DISRAELI, B.

Knowledge and the Aspirations
of Youth, 195

GOLDSMITH, O.

She Stoops to Conquer (Scene
from), 101

GLADSTONE, W. E.

Hostilities with China, 189

HARTE, BRET.

Guild's Signal, 153

HAVERGAL, FRANCES.

Autobiography, 170

HOLMES, O. W.

The Opening of the Piano, 162

HOOD, T.

The Bridge of Sighs, 113

A Parental Ode, 28

A Bachelor's Dream, 187

Queen Mab, 163

HUNT, LEIGH.

Abou Ben Adhem, 185

IRVING, WASHINGTON.

A Rainy Sunday, 229

- KEATS,
A Landscape Sketch, 167
- TOBIN, J.
The Honeymoon (Scene), 93
- LANDOR, W. S.
Essex and Spenser, 109
- LONGFELLOW, H. W.
The Arsenal at Springfield, 117
The Day is Done, 118
The Ropewalk, 160
The Legend Beautiful, 157
Hiawatha (Chapter IX.), 133
The Norman Baron, 17
The Children's Hour, 116
- LOWELL, J. R.
The Singing Leaves, 130
The Parting of the Ways, 177
The Heritage, 180
- MACAULAY, LORD.
Parliamentary Reform, 197
- MAOKAY, CHARLES.
The Dream of the Reveller, 164
Tubal Cain, 186
- MAOKAY, ERIC.
Beethoven at the Piano, 120
The Waking of the Lark, 13
- POE, E. A.
The Bells, 150
Annabel Lee, 126
- ROGERS, SAMUEL.
Ginevra, 9
- RUSKIN, JOHN.
The Sky, 232
- SHERIDAN, R. B.
The School for Scandal (Scene from), 97
The Rivals (Scene from), 105
- SHAKSPERE, WM.
As You Like It (Scene from), 75
Hamlet " 78, 79
Henry IV. " 65
Henry VIII. " 68
Julius Cæsar " 47, 50, 57
King John " 85
Macbeth " 61
Merchant of Venice " 10, 38
Othello " 34
Richard III. " 82
- SOLILOQUIES, &c.—
Gloster's Soliloquy, 90
Queen Mab, 89
Henry V. at Agincourt, 92
- SOUTHEY, ROBERT.
The Well of St. Keyne, 166
- SOUVESTRE, E.
The Attic Philosopher (Selection from), 202
- WHITTIER, J. G.
Barbara Fritchie, 141
Maud Müller, 142
- WORDSWORTH, WM.
On Revisiting the Wye, 174
London, September, 1802, 176
London (Milton Sonnet), 177
Lines Written in Early Spring, 16

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